DICAL ROOM
RAL LIBRARY
Y. OF MICH.

SEP 9 1937

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIV. No. 339 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 269
A BLUNT BODKIN 271
STRATEGY IN CHINA. By G. E. Taylor . . . 272
A LONDON DIARY. 274
THIS ENGLAND 275
ON BEING LOOKED DOWN ON. By Y. Y. . . 275
NEW LIVES FOR OLD. By L. F. Easterbrook . . 276
CORRESPONDENCE 277
From S. Richards; W. B.; G. W. R. Thomson; David Freeman; H. B. Pointing; Rosamond Lehmann; Lord Olivier; D. I.; Gerald Hamilton; R. E. Davidson; A. Werth; L. Fischer; W. G. Bowen.
THE MOMENT TRANSFIXES THE SPACE WHICH DIVIDES. By Stephen Spender 280
ANIMALS AND MUSIC. By E. G. Boulenger . . 280
THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL. By W. J. Turner . . 281
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 282
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 283
REVIEWS:
Tom Moore. By Raymond Mortimer . . 284
Protestant Martyr. By A. L. Rowse . . . 284
Public Administration. By H. J. Laski . . 285
The Labour Outlook 286
It Pays to Advertise. By G. W. Stonier . . 286
Richard Jefferies. By Robert Waller . . . 288
Disruptive Link. By Anthony West . . . 288
Two Plays. By Henry Adler 289
Landscapes. By Eric Sutton 289
SHORTER NOTICES 290
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 290
CROSSWORD 293
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 294

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

NO doubt now remains that Japan has embarked on a large-scale war with China. Her next objective is to detach the whole of Northern China and to add its vast mineral wealth to that of Manchukuo, which has proved an embarrassing financial asset during five years of occupation. Japan may have hoped that the familiar technique of an incident followed by a threat would again force China to give way, as it did last year, but popular feeling would have forced Chiang Kai-shek to fight even if he had personally wished to yield. Japan has begun her preparations on an immense scale and is opening operations by an apparently systematic effort to destroy the Chinese air force. On the Chinese side general mobilisation has been ordered, Japanese ships have been scuttled to block the Whangpoo river, while abroad Dr. Kung is reported to have succeeded in raising considerable loans for China, including a £10,000,000 credit for arms from Skoda. Japan's effort to paralyse China by an attack on Shanghai brings the question of the security of European nationals and European property immediately into the picture. Britain's proposals for the withdrawal of "abnormal" troops from Shanghai, which would then be policed by British, French and Italian troops, seems unlikely to prove practicable. In any case the Western Powers had better realise that they lost their chance to defend their position in China in 1931, and that Japan will not be in the least tender to anyone's interests in China except her own.

Frightfulness at Sea

Franco has now resumed in earnest his offensive in the North and is driving up towards Santander. The Republican defence is so far weak, and Reinosa, a small town controlling several important roads, was easily captured. A determined effort is being made to compel all civilians not engaged in war work to evacuate Madrid. Its military position seems secure enough, and the defence has even some small successes, notably the recapture of Brunete, to register. Presumably the food supply is causing anxiety. This may be due partly to the insurgent advance from Teruel towards Cuenca, which involves a threat to the Madrid-Valencia road. But more probably it means that the growing audacity of Franco's attacks on shipping, neutral as well as Spanish, may be restricting the Republic's supplies of wheat and oil. Tankers have lately suffered heavily, though oil is not regarded by the London Committee as a forbidden munition. The sinking of a Spanish ship by a submarine near the Dardanelles is the most startling of several recent exploits. The Spanish Government insists that Italian warships have been active in many of these attacks on shipping, and that the Italian destroyer *Saetta* actually sank the Spanish merchant vessel *Campeador*

off Cape Bon. The Admiralty has instructed British warships to fire on any submarine that may attack a British ship. This is a salutary warning, but the only adequate counter-measure would be the organisation of convoys to protect neutral ships carrying innocent cargoes to Republican ports. If this were done by the British, French, Dutch and Scandinavian navies jointly, for the benefit of ships flying these flags, it need not be an onerous service.

The Refugee Problem

The rebel advance towards Santander raises the refugee problem once more in acute form. If Santander is heavily bombed or shelled, the loss of civilian lives may be much worse than at Bilbao, because of the immense refugee population (variously estimated at 80,000 to 120,000), and because the city is less well provided with bomb-proof shelters. Thousands of refugees are sleeping in the streets and fields. Bombs would turn these into a veritable shambles. There is shortage of food, and still more of drugs and soap. The one hope is to get the refugees away. Some thousands have been evacuated by sea, and recently more ships have slipped through the blockade. Five ships are now lying in port, and twelve thousand refugees had been collected ready to sail in them, when the news came that the French refused to let them land in France. The reason given is that France has already admitted 40,000 refugees and can absorb no more. No one can quarrel with that. But weeks ago Catalonia announced willingness to accept and provide for 150,000 Basque refugees if they were allowed to travel through France. What, then, is the difficulty? Is it one of transport? Or did the French Government intend a hint that it is time that Britain took its share? Hitherto the British Government has contributed nothing to the Basque refugee problem, except to give grudging protection—on the high seas only—to a few ships, mostly British, chartered by the Basques, and an equally grudging permission, on expensive conditions, to voluntary organisations to maintain 4,000 Basque children at their own expense. The Government of a wealthy and humane nation might surely do more, either by admitting more refugees, this time at public expense, or by contributing towards the maintenance of refugees in France or their transport from Bayonne to the Catalan frontier.

Mare Nostrum

The least suspicious mind could hardly fail to derive a political motive in the army manœuvres which the Duce in person has staged in Sicily. They are intended to dramatise a possible incident in the struggle for supremacy in the Mediterranean. The problem is to defend Sicily against an invading force that has managed to land after the defeat of the Italian Fleet. Two Powers only might be capable of that feat: Great Britain or France. But it is not France that need worry over the recent increase to two army corps of the garrison of Libya. The new motor road that Mussolini opened here earlier in the year leads to Egypt. The local Bedouin population has no need for motor roads. Three events, the building of this road, the fortification of the little island of Pantelleria and now these manœuvres compel attention to what is evidently the central idea in Italy's strategical plans—her ability to close the narrow seas between Sicily and the African coast. Meanwhile, if we trust the revelations of the *News Chronicle*, the Italians are finding such difficulty in holding Abyssinia against guerillas that they have more than once sounded Haile Selassie to ascertain whether he would return with some nominal monarchical dignity as a feudatory prince under Rome: this fiction of national survival might, they think, induce his former subjects to submit. His answer was a refusal, but he might accept such a position if Italy became a mandatory of the League—obviously an impossible condition.

Mr. Roosevelt's New Judge

President Roosevelt's difficulties with Congress have turned out to be even more serious than they looked last week. The Senate duly passed his major measure, the Bill for the regulation of wages and hours to conform broadly to a standard week of 40 hours for a minimum wage of £3 16*s*., but the House hung it up till it meets again. Little emerges therefore from this barren session save a miserable fragment of the Act that was to reform the Supreme Court. The President has, indeed, been allowed to fill the vacancy in that tribunal, but his choice has aggravated the controversy. Senator Black, of Alabama, is an active and militant politician and an ardent supporter of the New Deal, but his standing as a lawyer is below the rank usually required for such an appointment. Let us hope that the further allegation that he was at one time associated with the Ku Klux Klan is false. The President has evidently taken the view that the Supreme Court is a political body. For this he has every excuse, but it was not wise to display his lack of respect for this venerated institution so openly. The Senate none the less ratified the promotion of one of its own members by a handsome majority. Mr. Roosevelt's chance of recovering his leadership at Washington depends now on the unpredictable results of the mid-term elections in November.

Security at Sixty-five

The Labour Party's plan for improving, on a contributory basis, the present scale of old-age pensions is in principle an admirable conception. Existing pensions obtainable at 65—10*s*. per week for a single person, 20*s*. for a married couple—are admittedly inadequate for reasonable maintenance. Their receipt is not, and obviously cannot be, conditional on retirement from industry; it is estimated that 500,000 pensioners over 65 are still in employment, while 200,000 are compelled to have recourse to poor relief; and at the other end of the age-scale there is considerable unemployment among young persons. The Labour proposal is that, on condition of retirement from gainful employment (subsidiary earnings up to 20*s*. per week will be overlooked), pensions at 65 should be raised to £1 per week for single persons and to 35*s*. per week for married couples; that similar pensions at 60 should be granted to the industrially unfit; that a wife of 55 should be entitled to full rates as soon as the husband qualifies; and that allowances for children should be raised. The scheme is socially commendable, and may be electorally popular; but the consideration of cost cannot be excluded. This is put at £80,000,000 a year, rising to £90,000,000 by 1948; and it is suggested that it would involve a weekly contribution of from 1*s*. 9*d*. to 2*s*. per head, apportioned between

employers, employed, and the State. This might be feasible, provided that the eventual reduction of existing expenditure on armaments is not accompanied by a severe economic depression. But the Labour Party omits to point out that from 1940 onwards there will be a great and rapidly progressive increase in the proportion of persons aged 65 and over—which makes it all the more necessary to have an authoritative estimate of the cost of these pensions reforms in thirty years' time.

Alberta and the Banks

Relations between the Social Credit Government of Alberta and the Federal Cabinet have now reached the stage of open constitutional war. Mr. Aberhart, the Albertan Premier, recently wrote to the banks in the Province announcing his intention of paying each citizen a "dividend" of $25 and requesting the bankers to co-operate in this practical demonstration of Douglas theory at work. As a precaution against reluctance on the bankers' part to lend their depositors' money for this interesting experiment, legislation was introduced to require every bank in Alberta to be licensed and to work under a local directorate of Social Credit nominees. The Canadian constitution contains a section expressly providing that banking and currency are Federal subjects. In the hope of a peaceful settlement, Mr. Mackenzie King suggested that the Supreme Court be asked to give its ruling on the constitutional point. The Albertan Premier has refused, and the Federal Cabinet has exercised, after long disuse, its power to disallow Provincial legislation: the Alberta bank laws are declared illegal. Unless Mr. Aberhart has another shot in the locker, it looks as though the Social Credit experiment in Alberta will never reach fruition. In that case the adherents of Major Douglas will still be able to say that his theory has never been disproved in practice.

Trunk Roads and Scenery

The Minister of Transport will do well to take to heart the recommendations of a Report on the amenities of road improvement which the Council for the Preservation of Rural England has drawn up in conjunction with the Roads Beautifying Association. The Report urges that though "safety as well as speed can and must be built into the new trunk roads," the whole task should not be left to the engineer. In siting new roads regard should be had not merely to the views of scenery which they will afford future users but also to the ways in which the roads are made to fit into the landscape they traverse, and should not mar. In the interests of safety the hedges that embellished and "blinded" the English drunkard's "rolling roads" may have to be sacrificed; but selective tree-planting may do much to repair the loss. The Report's emphasis on the tree as an essential feature of the beauty of England is much to the point. Later generations have been enriched by the trees planted to commemorate Marlborough's campaigns, and one of the most sensible plans for celebrating Coronation Year is the commemorative tree-planting organised by the Men of the Trees—a commendable organisation which works for the preservation of England's woodland beauties.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

A BLUNT BODKIN

THERE is an adage attributed, if memory serves, to one of the Rothschilds: that nobody who cannot afford to lose his money should invest in property or any enterprise which he cannot see for himself. Had this rule been generally followed, the joint-stock system would not have excelled, as it has done, the green bay tree in its growth; we should not have witnessed the spectacle of adroit entrepreneurs exchanging share certificates for the cash of innumerable small-savers and using the proceeds to fling a chain of linked undertakings half across the world; and we should have been spared much waste, much crime and many ruined homes. It is not the case that, since the limited company began to flourish under the Act of 1862, there has been an increasing concentration of wealth. On the contrary, there are more small capitalists to-day than ever before. What has happened is that the power to mobilise and employ capital has not been proportionately distributed; it has been retained tightly by a small economically powerful class who control enterprises in which they own a frequently infinitesimal share. That a large-scale business necessitates the mobilisation of savings from the thousands of investors, large and small, who become its absentee owners cannot be questioned; nor is a big enterprise necessarily more anti-social than a small one. But if the joint-stock system proves a means whereby the savings of the community are not merely diminished by the depredations of crooks outside the law, but dissipated on a colossal scale by unscrupulous promoters just inside it, the system stands condemned.

The appointment of a Departmental Committee, last winter, under the chairmanship of Sir Archibald Bodkin, charged with the task of investigating the joint-stock system's seamy side, raised hopes that the skeletons in the City cupboard would at length be well and truly rattled, and that reforms of real significance might follow. For the Committee was enjoined to report not merely on the frauds of fly-by-night share pedlars, but on "similar activities." It was reasonable to expect the Committee to take a wide view of its responsibilities and to consider what further protection the public requires against invitations, however made, to purchase participations in worthless or misleadingly boosted enterprises. Alas! The Committee has been so tender towards City susceptibilities, so fearful of damaging that so-called "delicate mechanism," that its Report seems drawn up in the spirit of *de maximis non curat lex*. The snake is to be scotched; the petty fraud against the guileless spinster and cleric is to be rendered riskier and more difficult. But the major anti-social crimes of joint-stock exploitation are evaded, unprobed by this blunt bodkin.

Even in the limited sphere of share-pushing and share-hawking, the Report is sufficiently feeble. It recommends that in future share-dealings with the public should not be permitted unless they are transacted by members of recognised Stock Exchanges or by registered "dealers." A register is to be maintained by the Board of Trade; every applicant for enrolment in it must furnish full particulars of his identity and past occupations, and must supply references from his banker, broker and solicitor; and, if he has not already been established as an outside dealer for at least three years, he must procure sureties for £500. In addition, the loopholes in Section 356 of

the 1929 Companies Act are to be closed; share-hawking, whether by domiciliary visit or telephone call, is to be made firmly illegal. Printers are to be prohibited from supplying non-registered dealers with circulars puffing shares. The City of London and Metropolitan Police are to establish a joint counter-crook department at Scotland Yard, and are to have greater power to investigate the premises and banking accounts of suspects.

In so far as victims show greater readiness than in the past to take their grievances to the police, and provided always that the Director of Public Prosecutions acts with more vigour than hitherto, these proposals may reduce the opportunities for the cruder forms of financial fraud. Since the Registrar will have no power to investigate the declarations of applicants, there will be little difficulty in securing admission to the register if the applicant is a crook of substance or unconvicted; and amenable dummy nominees of outward respectability can always be purchased for a consideration. Except in the case of established, reputable firms, the sureties required should be at least £20,000; and, since "officially registered" conveys the same meaning to the untutored as "officially licensed," the Registrar should be given means to conduct a searching investigation before accepting a dealer for registration. But let it be conceded that the Bodkin proposals, even if they fail to exclude the possibility of a monied rogue buying up a firm of dealers and marketing wild-cat shares to its clients, may succeed in putting obstacles in the way of the less resourceful, more patently criminal exploiter of human credulity. The infinitely more noxious forms of City fraud on the grand scale are unscathed. Loss through the activities of fraudulent pedlars of shares outside the recognised Stock Exchanges is negligible in comparison with the waste and loss involved in "similar activities" at which the Stock Exchange connives, and in which indeed it plays an essential part.

When capital is raised from the public by a straight prospectus issue or by an offer for sale (with the issuing house as vendor) the Companies Act prescribes, it is true, the relevant particulars which must be given; but, though it is arguable that *caveat emptor* is a sound maxim, it is open to question whether the financially unsophisticated ought to be exposed, as they are, to the lures of bold, black type displaying merits, with every demerit tucked away in almost illegible "6-point solid." Still less should the guileless public be entrapped into buying shares which, regardless of their merits, are marketed by means of Stock Exchange "introduction," after the publication of particulars to which subsequent purchasers have little opportunity to refer.

As matters stand, the law of libel often prevents the press —or rather such of its constituents as are not concerned chiefly with "tips" dictated by the proprietor's interests —from branding without equivocation and under-statement the many offers which can be diagnosed either from their nature or the character of their sponsors as "90 per cent. certain" ramps. The public's only safeguard is the Committee of the Stock Exchange, and it is a flimsy protection. It is not necessary to adduce simply the dramatic City scandals of the post-war period—*les affaires* Kruger, Hatry and the rest—nor even the wreckage left by the "dirt-track" boom of 1928 in dud company flotations. Every year large sums are extracted from the pockets of the unwary investor to enrich the vendors of factories whose prospects are hopeless, patents whose commercial exploitation is impossible, mines whose only lode lies in the promoters' imagination and whose experts' reports are coloured by a wad of shares allotted "for services rendered." Shares in these illusory and sometimes deliberately fraudulent enterprises frequently succeed in securing admission to dealings in the Stock Exchange; the Committee's powers of censorship are rarely exercised, not for lack of good intentions but for lack of adequate investigating machinery. In consequence the public is robbed, a substantial proportion of the community's savings wasted.

In these unsatisfactory circumstances, two reforms suggest themselves as imperative. First, the definitions of "conspiracy" and "fraud" in relation to issues of share capital require to be rigorously tightened up. The courts should be entitled to consider that there was criminal misrepresentation in every case in which promises were made or estimates of profit given beyond what twelve common-sense jurors subsequently hold to have been a reasonable expectation on the basis of the facts known to the promoters. Secondly, and much more important than the strengthening of deterrent *post factum* punishment, even a capitalist State should recognise that there are countless small investors too eager for high yields to be content with the interest obtainable from the P.O. Savings Bank, Government Bonds, Building Societies or kindred avenues for "safe" investment, and too ignorant and gullible to be saved by law from fraudulent exploitation so long as the stock markets are their only approach to participation in equity profits. For these weaker brethren the obvious safeguard is to establish a Board of Investment under public control, whose function it would be to accept small savings and use them to capitalise approved industrial undertakings. Eventually, in a Socialist State, such a Board might supplant the whole of the existing machinery of the new issue market, which is by common consent the least satisfactory part of the City's mechanism. From the outset it would provide an essential channel whereby investment savings could reach industry, and share the profits of successful enterprise, without the present frequency of misdirection, waste and daylight robbery.

STRATEGY IN CHINA

THE first steps in Japan's conception of the way to world conquest, as outlined in the famous Tanaka memorandum, are following each other according to plan. In 1931 Manchukuo was added to the Japanese Empire; in 1933 the province of Jehol. In 1935 an attempt to lop off five provinces left Japan in practical, though not nominal, control of the two adjoining provinces of Hopei and Chahar, while the six northern districts of Chahar were soon afterwards practically annexed. In 1936 an attempt to push forward into Inner Mongolia down to the Peiping-Paotow railway was frustrated by General Fu Tso I with the aid of Nanking divisions. What then, judging by her actions, did Japan hope to accomplish in 1937?

It is clear that one arm of Japanese advance is bent round the bulging frontier of Outer Mongolia and is designed to frustrate any expansion of the Soviet Republic as well as to block any movement for an amalgamation of the Mongol people who are now divided between the territories of the U.S.S.R., China and Japan. But the absence of railways on the route from Manchuria to Inner Mongolia makes the method of conquest attempted in November, 1936, too costly, while the policy of buying off Mongol princes, pursued now for some years, has

not brought permanent results. Control of the Peiping-Paotow railway was therefore essential to domination of this area. Peiping and Tientsin must be in Japanese hands so that troops can be moved directly from Japan across North China to Inner Mongolia. Peiping, which controls the four big railways of the north, is the key to the strategical situation. Hence the incident at Wanping, the junction of the lines from Peiping to Hankow and Shanghai. The possession of Peiping with its railway junctions gives Japan complete control of the railway system of North China and a gateway to Inner Mongolia.

North China, say the Japanese, is necessary to Manchukuo. The statement is not so true as its converse; the truth is that, historically, the power which has controlled Manchuria has always been in a strong position to control China. And control of China, in the sense of ensuring a weak China, is essential to Japanese security. However important the economic ties which unite North China with Manchuria, the creation of an independent North China, for long a Japanese dream, is a necessary step in breaking up Chinese unity. It is one thing to conquer, it is another to govern North China. To bring the Emperor of Manchukuo to Peiping is not necessarily the best solution, although the extension of the monarchical principle

is dear to the Kuangtung army. It is more economical to rule through Chinese favourable to Japan; the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, for example, if it had worked out as Japan hoped, represented a much more practicable solution to the problem. But Nanking was too strong; and the Central Government fast recovered its influence over that area. Whether the next few weeks are to see the creation of an "autonomous" area in the north, with Japanese bayonets supporting a "popular" movement against Nanking, whether the provinces of Hopei, Chahar and perhaps Suiyuan are to be added to Manchukuo, whether a reconstituted Political Council is to be born, or whether the Japanese are to be driven north of the Great Wall depends on what happens in Central China.

It is difficult to believe that the "hasty action" of the Navy alone explains the fighting in Shanghai. The Japanese know their Lord Mahon. When blocked on land, as they were when Nanking troops moved into Hopei province, they turned to the sea. The semi-circle of armies which General Chiang threw round Peiping, based, according to reliable information, on a well-prepared line of forts, was a bold and important strategic move. The left flank of the Government armies is at Nankow, the famous pass in the Great Wall about fifty miles north of Peiping where the Peiping-Paotow line cuts through the hills on which the Wall is built. These troops moved down from Suiyuan where they had fought in November last year against the Japanese-supported Manchukuo levies. If the Chinese blew up the railway tunnel at Nankow they would destroy the value of this line, essential to control of Inner Mongolia, for several years. The centre of the semi-circle depends on Paotingfu, 100 miles south of Peiping on the Hankow railway and almost equidistant from Tientsin. The right wing sweeps round to within thirty miles of Tientsin. Communications, except for railways, are bad; the task of forcing the semi-circle, very formidable. Hence the decision, from a strategic point of view, to undermine Chinese resistance by attacking Shanghai. If China has a heart, it is the financial and commercial centre at the mouth of the Yangtse.

The reasons for attacking Shanghai must have been stronger than the fears arising from inevitable damage to foreign interests. Few foreigners, of course, would fail to understand the Japanese motive in destroying Greater Shanghai, the new commercial, industrial and financial centre that the Chinese were building up between the International Settlement and the Woosung forts. Of this the recently destroyed Jukong Wharf and the beautiful Municipal Centre were the most important visible signs. Ultimately Greater Shanghai would have undermined the economic importance of Shanghai proper. It had to go. More important than this, Japan is compelled to disorganise the foreign controlled industrial, commercial and financial centre of China in order to imperil the economic basis of the Central Government, demoralise national feeling and terrify the Chinese bourgeoisie. It was the obvious way to bring the war to a rapid conclusion, but as its effectiveness would depend on the extent of material damage and dislocation of trade, and as the losses in which it would involve China would bear some proportion to those of the Powers, the risks such an operation would involve would clearly increase enormously if the war were not soon over.

This choice, between a large scale war and ceasing to interfere with even the smallest section of Chinese territory, constitutes the new factor China has brought into the situation. Japan, up to now, has been accustomed to severing province after province, without facing the resistance of China as a whole. It is this new principle which Chiang has introduced—the principle which asserts that to detach two or three northern provinces from China proper is of consequence to Nanking—that Japan is trying to batter into nothingness in Shanghai. None can predict whether China will be able to survive this bloody christening. If Canton remains open for supplies of armaments and the loss in national revenues due to dislocation or stoppage of trade is not too serious, China can, perhaps, keep going long enough to endanger the social and economic stability of her "totalitarian" rival. But the consequences, in both countries, would not be good to look upon. The limitation of Japanese strategy is that she cannot afford to destroy the Nanking Government, for there is no alternative administration. The limitation of Chinese strategy is that the well-trained army of Chiang Kai-shek forms the keystone of the military arch on which unity is based. If the keystone be irretrievably damaged how can the Government survive? Armies defeated in the field might join rather than oppose the rebellion of an enraged and impoverished peasantry. Countries fighting on empty bellies cannot survive long wars; the only kind of victory that can be of any use to Japan must be won within a few months. A protracted struggle would endanger the very existence of government in China. It would kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The mellow view that time is on China's side because she always absorbs her conquerors is not correct. There is method in the wanton destruction of China's towns and industries.

It is important to remember that there is no essential conflict between the purposes of the Japanese military and the "civilian" government. Although the Kuangtung army and the capitalist may disagree on methods they both demand a weak China. The military, naturally, take into account strategic considerations, especially against the U.S.S.R. and against the possibility of "sanctions"; hence their drive into Inner Mongolia and their desire for political control of raw materials. The capitalists want China to remain an agricultural nation, a market for Japanese goods. But both are determined to stop the growth, not only of Chinese industry, but through that, of Chinese nationalism; a race of conquistadors is to rule a nation of compradors. China could always absorb her conquerors so long as they were unlettered but aggressive warriors, for they learned manners while living on the land tax. But she cannot absorb the Japanese, for it is the would-be conqueror who has the more highly organised economic life and is seeking to mould the growth of economic forces in China to his own ends. The Kuangtung army shares with Genghis Khan his territorial ambitions but not his methods of exploitation.

China, therefore, is fighting against time; if she does not fight now she may not be able to resist for many years. And although Japan's immediate objective is North China, the centre of the struggle is at the mouth of the Yangtse. For here the most important economic objective is combined with important strategic considerations. Fighting on a narrow front, with the added advantage this gives to heavy armaments, and with control of the sea, Japan has considerable advantages which are likely to be increased when sufficient troops have been poured into North China to storm the Nankow pass and press back the Chinese semi-circle. Japan is trying to paralyse the heart of China in order to amputate the limbs. China must stand or fall, therefore, by the war in Shanghai. It is here, from the military point of view, that it will be decided whether Japan, by attempting to put back the Chinese clock to 1931, does not in effect put it back to the time of the Warring Kingdoms. G. E. TAYLOR

A LONDON DIARY

PEOPLE still go on talking about the "next war," dreading an apocalyptic moment of world catastrophe. It has already started. There will be no declaration of war, and no peace; only a spread of the plague from one continent to another, from China to Africa, from Africa to Spain, from Spain back to China and from China—well, the next outbreak is anyone's guess. None of these wars end; none of them have a defined objective. Apart from the collective security method there is no way of stopping them and that way we have abandoned. In a state of anarchy anything may be an excuse. Hundreds of Chinese were killed by bombing at Chapei in 1932; the signal was the killing of a Buddhist monk. This time the "incident" (one of scores) was the shooting of two Japanese and a Chinese soldier when the Japanese took no notice of the challenge of a sentry at the gate of an aerodrome. In Wells's book, you will remember, bombing began because a man got his false teeth stuck while he was going through the Polish Corridor in a train. As likely as not.

* * *

What, I ask myself, can Dr. Dalton say in reply to the revelations made by Harold Laski in the August issue of *Left News*, the house organ, so to speak, of the Left Book Club—a "house" which now includes 46,000 members? I knew that an offer had been made to the Labour Party by the Committee of the Left Book Club and that it had been refused. But Laski now reveals that the offer was in effect to devote the entire energies of the Left Book Club's organisation to the service of the Labour Party's propaganda drive during September and October. This was a very considerable offer, because the circulation of *Left News* is very largely among the young and keen, and the special issues offered to the Labour Party were to be, as Laski says, "prominently displayed in every bookshop and on every bookstall," and to be discussed in the 600 Groups of the Left Book Club which were to undertake the widest possible distribution in factories, Trade Unions, local Labour parties, League of Nations Union branches, etc., throughout the entire country. The two issues were to be double numbers which, on the political side, were to contain nothing except four articles of about 15,000 words each—four pamphlets in effect—on Labour's problems and policy. These articles were to be written by leaders of the Labour Party who would thus be presented free, gratis and for nothing, with an unusually wide platform, the actual cost of which Laski estimates at about £1,000. The Left Book Club Committee was even prepared to promise regular space in all future issues of the *Left News* to the "official" Labour view—thus, one would have thought, disposing of any danger that Labour stalwarts who read the special issues would be inveigled into taking a paper which would be merely one-sided and Communistic afterwards. Yet the negotiations broke down apparently because Dr. Dalton and the Labour Party Executive also made it a condition that the present Selection Committee of the Left Book Club should be permanently enlarged by two or three "official" Labour representatives! The truth, I suppose, is that official Labour cannot believe—you can see the same thing in Mr. Attlee's new book—that any organisation which includes Communists can possibly be sincere in wanting a Labour victory, or (since that is obviously untrue) can possibly do more good than harm to Labour. And yet, as Laski remarks, "I doubt whether the offer of a platform in the Tory press from which to expound the Labour programme would have been refused by Labour leaders."

* * *

In the humid Turkish-bath type of heat-wave which this August, until last week-end's thunderstorms, vouchsafed us, London is a singularly uncomfortable place in which to sleep, make love or even eat and drink in. What masochistic urge in the British temperament is responsible for the fact that domestic refrigerators in this wealthy country work out in the proportion of one to two hundred of the population, as compared with about one to twelve in the States? And why have we so pitiably few and unappetising opportunities for taking refreshment out of doors? There is often not enough fine weather to make the preparation worth while—while I shall be told, I know, that the London pavement is not constructed, like its Parisian counterpart, to accommodate café tables without grave interference with pedestrian traffic. I concede, too, that the proprietors of Paris cafés—from the tranquil oasis of the Closerie des Lilas to the polyglot tumult of the Dôme-Rotonde-Coupole arena—would find ways and means difficult if they were compelled by law to nauseate their patrons with soft drinks, save for a meagre span of "permitted" hours. But if regulations deny us the chance to slake August thirsts out of doors, is there any reason why we should not be able to dine agreeably *en plein air?* One can eat pleasantly, albeit with an admixture of chimney-smuts, on the roof of a dance club in Soho; there are also a handful of minor restaurants where food can be had in summer under the sky. But has any restaurateur yet been enterprising enough to exploit the possibilities of a convertible west-end house with a garden? And as for the parks, one can eat well in the open-air in the Zoo, and it is possible to purchase foodstuffs containing a certain quantity of vitamins both in St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens, where indeed the catering has lately improved; but is there any valid reason why these pleasant places should not have room for several restaurants to suit all purses and standards of taste? And why not a restaurant or two in summer overlooking London from the cool heights of Ken Wood? As it is, the Londoner in search of a well-cooked meal combined with fresh air within a thirty-mile radius of Charing Cross is in a quandary. Unless he has the money to dine *chez* Barry Neame at Bray, where can he go except to the disgusting

atmosphere of tinned food, tarts and swing music, at a noisy Road House?

* * *

The ancient churches of England almost always contain something interesting. The glass and furnishings may be squalidly Victorian, and little remain unrestored of the original fabric. But at least there is possibly a Jacobean tomb, and almost certainly a number of eighteenth century monuments, with panegyric epitaphs in an elaborately balanced style, inscribed upon elegant cartouches. Every district seems to have had a mason who could treat marble as felicitously as Chippendale treated mahogany. As you leave, in gratitude you are about to drop a coin into the box for maintaining the fabric, when suddenly a drawing of some projected improvement strikes you with dismay. For too much money can do as much to damage a church as too little. The other day, for instance, I passed through Wymondham, between Norwich and Thetford. The existing church, only a fragment of a far larger building destroyed by aristocratic greed during the Reformation, consists of a very noble Norman nave, with later Gothic chapels on each side. Into the majestic simplicity of the building there has recently been introduced an enormous reredos covered with bright gilt, and as scholarly no doubt as it was costly. In the gloom of a Spanish Gothic church, gleaming dimly under darkly coloured windows through an elaborate iron screen, so gaudy an erection might be effective. But it entirely devastates the massive beauty of Wymondham. By the door there was a cartoon for a projected stained-glass window in a similar style. If this could be trusted to dim the horrid effulgence of the reredos, how gladly would I have placed my obol in the box. But, alas, it would not, and for the first time in my life I felt some sympathy with the Kensitite fanatics who destroy the "images" set up by the piety of modern Anglicans.

* * *

John Hilton surprised a lot of people by quoting, in the course of his lecture to the Liberal Summer School, some figures about the advantages of going to Eton and Harrow. "Of 56 bishops 52 were at a public school, and of these 38 were at a lordly one." And so on through the list of deans and judges and directors and Cabinet Ministers. "Quite a college reunion every time the Cabinet meets."

Of course, the boy at Eton looks a likelier type for a general or bishop or judge or Cabinet Minister than the boy at Hackney Council School. If he doesn't, he ought to. Already £1 has been spent on him for every 2½*d.* spent on the Council school boy.

So, as a friend puts it to me:

> Climb, old high-school boys, how you will,
> You never can climb high up,
> Bench, bishopric and office still,
> Are just the old school tie-up.

Which explains a certain resentment which the old school-tie often just does not notice. I first noticed it when, in a great state of priggishness and experience, at the age of nineteen I first found myself among regular soldiers. One of them, a fine fellow with flowing moustaches, looked down at me and said: "Were you brought up at Eton or eaten first and brought up afterwards?" This joke has grown on me as the years have gone by. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to A. A.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Twelve sedate Leeds aldermen and councillors forming the city's Watch Committee will to-night watch "Mademoiselle X," nude "feather-tease" dancer, do her act on the stage at the Leeds Empire. Alderman A. E. Weaver, a member of the committee, told the *Daily Mirror*: "Leeds people are very broad-minded, but that is a different matter from tolerating anything really objectionable. I may go to see the performance myself."—*Daily Mirror.*

The Red General Staff issues notoriously tendentious statements but not the White.—Major F. Yeats-Brown on Spain in *Observer.*

A somewhat humdrum week disturbed by the noise of Chinese crackers.—"Diarist" in *Sunday Times.*

One wonders why Sir James Barrie's birthplace at Kirriemuir, Scotland, should not be opened to the general public. It is a house of national interest and importance, and, as such, the nation should be privileged to view it.

I was distressed to find the house inhabited, and therefore not on view, though I must say, in fairness to the tenant, that I was ultimately allowed to glimpse at the room in which Barrie was born. A group of immensely interested American visitors was turned away as I left.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

More than 1,100 pit boys were summoned for alleged breach of contract here to-day as a result of the lightning strikes which have taken place recently at South Yorkshire collieries. Mr. A. S. Furniss, prosecuting, said that in the case of the Maltby Main Colliery there were before the court 286 boys and youths for breach of contract on divers dates during the week July 26 to 30. There was no desire to be vindictive. In the case of the lads at Maltby Colliery the amount of damages claimed from them was £5 each.—*Daily Telegraph.*

ON BEING LOOKED DOWN ON

GOLFERS, says a writer in the *Daily Express*, are the biggest snobs; and, to prove his contention, he describes his experiences on arriving at a golfers' hotel. He arrived, he tells us, in an old car, at a time when some golfers were sitting at the entrance of the hotel, with their wives and daughters "in various Lido devices" beside them. The silent drama of snobbery immediately followed. "Conversation ceased as I stepped out of the car. All eyes scanned the battered mudguards, the string which holds the number-plate in position, the cracked paint." A wonderfully clad youth drove up in a sports car with two bronzed platinum bathing belles chattering gaily. "But the solemnity with which the others were watching my shameless poverty as I struggled out with the luggage (there was no hotel porter about) soon stilled their gay chatter. They watched me in horrified silence." The bathing belles turned their brown backs on him and "made studied conversation with their elders." "I was," says the writer, bitterly, "neither rich nor good-looking. It was *too* much."

When I read this, I could not help wondering how the writer contrived to know what the golfers were thinking. He declares that the male golfers "were having a preparatory soak before settling down for the evening," and it seems to me likely that in that case they were in a far from critical state of mind and that all that was worrying them was the question whether in the presence of their wives they dare order another round of doubles before dinner. The golfer who has reached the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first holes sees life through extraordinarily rose-coloured spectacles. He is in no mood to see even a motorist with battered mudguards through the harsh eyes of a realist. As for the wives and daughters in Lido costumes, what do wives and daughters in Lido costumes think about except how they are looking in them? It is a little egotistic in a mere stranger to imagine that they have any thoughts to spare for him.

Let us suppose, however, that the golfers, their wives and their daughters did all notice the battered mudguards and the number-plate tied on with string. Is there anything particularly snobbish in noticing battered mudguards? I have had battered mudguards myself, and I did not consider my friends snobbish when they smiled at sight of them and said to me: "You seem to have been driving into a few gate-posts." "No," I replied, without the slightest resentment, "only a lamp-post and two stationary cars." It never seemed to strike them to twit me on my poverty or to refuse to have

anything to do with me because I did not drive a scratchless and dentless Daimler like their own. I, too, have had many friends with battered mudguards, but I have never cut one of them on that account.

I wonder how the writer of the article himself behaves when he is sitting at the entrance of an hotel and a new guest arrives in a car. Does he not simply look aimedly at the car as he looks at everything that moves, whether the approaching postman or a sparrow flying from the ground into the weeping-ash? Or does he say to himself: "I wonder how much this fellow makes. Shouldn't be surprised if he was a rich man's son and never had to do a stroke of work in his life"? Or (supposing the car to be in even a worse plight than his own) does he soliloquise: "My hat, this is a nasty piece of work! The car looks as if it had been pinched from the village dust-heap. Must be rather stand-off if the fellow tries to become friendly in the bar"? I feel perfectly sure that, however deeply interested he may be in the appearance of a newly arrived car, he does not sit in his wicker chair either goggling with veneration or sneering with contempt at the new arrival.

What I should like to know is how actually he thinks he ought to be received on arriving at a strange hotel, with or without battered mudguards. Has he a treasured daydream in which all the guests at the entrance of the hotel rise and welcome him with waving handkerchiefs and sing in chorus, as he bears his luggage up the steps: "See the Conquering Hero Comes"? Does he expect a crowd of other men's wives and daughters in Lido costumes to rush forward and embrace a complete stranger merely because he is going to stay in the same hotel with them? "No," he would reply, perhaps, "I am neither rich nor good-looking." But suppose he were both rich *and* good-looking. Would he not find it rather embarrassing if he were unable to go to a quiet golfing hotel without being greeted at the entrance like a Hollywood film-star arriving at Waterloo Station? I confess I have a royal taste for travelling incognito and for escaping the greetings of the multitude as I walk up the steps of my hotel. It does not disturb me if, as I pass, platinum bathing belles turn their backs on me and go on talking to their elders. When they do this, it never occurs to me that they do so only because I am neither rich nor good-looking. I merely assume that they have something they want to say to their elders.

An interesting feature of the article from which I have quoted is the failure of the writer to quote a single disparaging remark that was made about himself in his hearing. His interpretations of the attitude of his fellow-guests are all interpretations of looks, turned backs, and silences. Being self-conscious, he was watching himself being watched and on the look-out for insults. And, if one is on the look-out for insults, one finds them growing in the hedges.

I sympathise with the writer because I am myself self-conscious. I know what it is to feel that all eyes are fixed on me. Of course, they never are fixed on me, but that does not reduce the agony. What an ordeal it once was to rise from one's seat and walk up the floor to receive a prize at a school prize-distribution! The Bishop, or other magnate, who was giving out the prizes was, it is certain, blind to the fact that I walked clumsily, that I had a large nose, and that my ears stuck out conspicuously. My fellow-schoolboys, giving me a dutiful round of applause, cared for none of these things and were only wishing that the whole show was over. Yet here was I deluding myself into the belief that hundreds of eyes were looking critically at me, when nobody except myself was in the slightest degree interested in me. If I had been more self-conscious still, and the Bishop had exchanged a smile and a whisper with the headmaster as I approached, I should, no doubt, have been convinced that he was saying: "Funny-looking chap this. Just like a boy I was at school with. We used to call him 'Flap-ears.'" And if I had seen two boys tittering as I returned from the platform I should undoubtedly have thought that they were laughing at my blushes or my large and foolish nose. Of course, I should have been wrong in both instances. One is seldom so interesting to other people as one fears one is. If you wish to acquire aplomb in life the first thing to do is to realise that, as a general rule, other people don't care.

In spite of this well-known fact, however, thousands of people remain so self-conscious that they cannot approach a strange—especially an expensive—hotel without a torturing suspicion that they are being watched, and watched with contempt. As they drive up to the entrance, every window seems to be an all-seeing masonic eye. The porter who comes out for the shabby luggage curls his lip with derision. The guests lounging about the door are all sneering as only the wealthy can sneer. The head-waiter, though practised in superficial politeness, is obviously holding himself in as he leads the way to the most dismal and draughty table in the dining-room. If the women guests at the other tables had lorgnettes, they would certainly be staring through them at the new guest. Or so the new guest, if he is tortured with self-consciousness, thinks. Though a humble man, he regards himself as the most conspicuous person in the dining-room. He is wrong. He is entirely inconspicuous. Most women in hotels are interested in a new guest for a moment or two, but not as soon as they have begun eating. The old gentleman at the next table who glances at him from time to time is not glancing at him contemptuously as he believes: he is only wondering whether the new arrival is a rabbit whom he might take for a round of golf in the morning and beat triumphantly. People do not look down on other people so much as the people who think that they are being looked down on think.

The woes of the self-conscious man, indeed, are mostly the product of his own imagination.

> He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
> Tormenting himself with his prickles.

I have done it myself, and I know it as a waste of time, especially in hotels. I now realise that the platinum bathing belles on the hotel steps are not really sneering at me. They are simply—and quite properly—unaware that I exist.

Y. Y.

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

OUR gift for applying right methods to apparently hopeless causes is astonishing, and few better examples of it could be found than the work of the Land Settlement Association. Having recently allowed some tens of thousands of farm labourers to be driven off the land and, by migrating to the towns, to aggravate urban unemployment, the Government created the Land Settlement Association in 1935 to take unemployed wage-earners from the towns and turn them into countrymen. The essential qualifications were that they should be townsmen debilitated by long periods of idleness in depressed areas. The remarkable thing is that there is a good prospect of some of them—perhaps a large proportion—becoming extremely successful small-holders.

The method employed is to take over agricultural estates of anything between 300 and 1,000 acres and re-equip them to accommodate unemployed families, with a dwelling house, farm buildings and equipment and four to five acres of land per family. Each estate has a central farm, in no case more than one-twentieth of the total acreage. Here foundation stock is bred and grading of produce carried out. The central farm also possesses a certain amount of machinery, such as tractors and/or horses which carry out for the individual holder any job that is better done on a large scale than on a small one. The small-holder pays for this service at its estimated cost. In Cambridgeshire, for instance, he pays for ploughing at the rate of 15*s.* per acre. Each estate also has technical experts to train the men and give them personal attention when they are established. Instruction works out at about ten minutes per man per day. All buying and selling is done co-operatively.

The holdings cost £1,000 per man, of which roughly £700 goes on the land, house, buildings and other permanent equipment and £300 on working equipment, such as stock,

seed, tools, fruit trees, etc. The State receives fair rent and amortisation charges on the permanent assets and the £300 is repaid over a number of years. This is no "charity" scheme. Houses have been built in pairs on many of the 25 estates which the Association now administers, but the latest method is to build them singly. Every credit is due to the Association for establishing the holdings so cheaply. There is nothing to complain about in the houses, of which one in ten is made larger than the others to accommodate larger families. Glasshouses and piggeries are well and substantially built, yet they are surprisingly cheap. A prominent member of the N.F.U. who inspected two of these estates with me was asked to estimate the cost of a very fine piggery. He suggested something over £200, I guessed £180. But the actual cost was £100. It is interesting to note that the experiment was tried of letting the men put up their own buildings, but it proved just as cheap and more satisfactory to put the work out to contract. The £1,000 per holding also covers the cost of the central farms, estate roads (of which many miles have been made) and all such etceteras.

The holdings produce pigs, poultry, fruit and flowers (indoor and outdoor) and vegetables. Many of the holders keep a goat or two for their own milk supply. Last year, when the whole scheme was far from being in full production, the Association sold over £2½ million pounds worth of produce and bought one million pounds worth of requirements. There are single holdings that will soon be turning out 100 bacon pigs a year, and I estimated the total output of some of the holdings I visited at not less than £600 per holding per annum. Over 1,200 holdings have already been set up.

The men are carefully selected in the first place, most of them having had some experience of town allotments. At the end of three months' training the case of those selected is reviewed, and those who show signs of not making good are rejected. Last year only 17 per cent. retired at this stage, and only 3 per cent. of those remaining retired after six months' training. The full training period is fifteen months. It is impossible yet to give facts or figures of the success of the scheme from a technical point of view, or to say how much a year the average man is likely to get out of his holding; but it looks as if there is a modest living—say, something like £150 a year on an average for a good man—in this type of farming.

Co-operative marketing is an essential part of the scheme, and so is the central farm. An unofficial estimate puts the saving on co-operative buying at £15 per farm, and there are also great savings in transport by bulking of supplies. Special rates are obtained and good prices paid for reasonably large and regular consignments of graded goods. New marketing methods are always being experimented with; no one can yet say what is the best way or even if it has yet been tried, but some idea of what marketing means can be gathered from the fact that an extra 1*d.* per dozen on eggs from one holding means £40 a year and an additional 1*d.* per lb. on the tomato crop, £14 a year. On the estates that I have visited, there would not appear to be any real difficulty in attaining a high level of quality in what is produced; and it seems that if any small-holding scheme can be successful, this is the right method.

The real problem is psychological. Are these the type of men who can extract a living from the method? Although they are carefully selected, there are quite a number who do not care for a life so utterly foreign to their up-bringing, or their wives do not care for it, which is just as bad. A good many who arrive into this life are nervous wrecks after, say, ten years of enforced idleness, and with many others psychological scars are left on their minds. Some cannot grasp what has happened to them, cannot realise that a signature on a State document has turned them from depressed urban dole-drawers into, in effect, small capitalists and countrymen. A typical case that explains this clearly is that of the man who was seen stealthily venturing forth at midnight to "steal" for the house a bucketful of his own coal dumped by the lorry that day for his glasshouse. Another will go to the Director and say that he "must be guaranteed a wage of £2 a week," another would not allow his children to work because he drew no training allowance for them. To them their labour is sacred. In the past it was the only thing they had to sell and they had learnt that their one hope was to guard to the bitter end trade union wage rates. So when they expend labour on a crop of, say, peas, which an unkind stroke of the weather destroys, it is to them the most terrible thing that ever happened, and many of them simply cannot get into their consciousness the fact that no one is going to pay them for the work that has come to nought. Again, it may be asked, can they take the necessary view when not a single penny of their own is at stake? Can capitalism flourish with no money ventured in the enterprise by the entrepreneur?

It is too early to answer any of these questions dogmatically. One can only say that a very fair number appear to be making good, are adjusting themselves to the conditions, are keen to take the chance, and say they are happy. Time and a series of small-holders' balance sheets, with success varying from year to year, will be needed to prove whether the wage-earner's outlook can be changed into the farmer's. As regards a stake in the enterprise, I am inclined to think that sweat and hope and anxiety put into the soil of these tiny farms are just as real things as one's name signed on a cheque, and it is a hopeful sign that many have already found time at the end of a long day to add a flower border to their house, make the path to their front door a little more attractive and generally give those little touches that are only given when a man feels his dwelling-place is his home.

What is more certain is that land settlement can never be a cure for large scale urban unemployment. There do not exist tens of thousands of unemployed town workers of the type who could, or who would care to, make a success of this life, even if such enormous difficulties as finding markets for their produce or creating the settlements could be overcome. But the amount of success already achieved tempts one to wonder what might not have been done on these lines with less unpromising material. For surely it is a little ironical that the one class of man ineligible for this scheme is the farm labourer, either because he is skilled enough at farming to keep his 35*s.* a week job, or because he has had the misfortune to be brought up in agricultural surroundings.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

Correspondence

THE BASQUE CHILDREN

SIR,—The truth about the Basque children has been distorted by the press, in order that the British public may cast unfavourable eyes upon their presence. They had no sooner arrived in England and were encamped at Stoneham, than the unfriendly press first attempted to cause a wave of protest at the Basques' "mass hysterical behaviour," after they had been informed of the sad fate of their beloved Bilbao. It was decided that the children should be officially enlightened before retiring. The shock was too much for many of the children. A heartrending wail went up and continued throughout the camp for four hours. Some of the elder boys temporarily lost their heads and attacked the loud-speaker from which the announcement had been made, crying piteously and vowing vengeance against "the cowards that kill our parents, brothers and sisters." Hysteria spread rapidly, as always amongst children, and many boys rushed to their tents, and made a hasty bundle of their belongings and marched along the road to Southampton, telling us: "We are going back to Spain to fight the murderers." By midnight they were all safely back in their tents, having been persuaded that no good would result in their breaking bounds. However, long after midnight the lights remained burning in the tents, and scarcely a child ceased to weep until the dawn broke and ended that night of grief and tragedy.

The next morning I was amazed and disgusted at the headlines and comments by the press. "Unruly mob of Basque children," "Mass hysteria follows night of rioting," "Disorderly Basque children in camp scene," were typical examples. I fail to understand why a humanitarian effort should receive such treatment by the press. As far as the camp incident is

concerned, it is in the circumstances perfectly feasible that a disturbance should have taken place. After having suffered weeks of bombardment, lack of nourishment and other privations of war, after being evacuated from their home town and taken on a ship which they knew might never reach England, they were then, in that state of mental disorder, told in a foreign country that their Bilbao—the town they left their mothers and fathers to defend—had fallen to the enemy. Surely all that, coupled with the well-known Spanish temperament, was bound to cause difficulties. Let me draw a parallel and suggest that 4,000 English children were taken from Brighton to Madrid in time of civil war in England, and then were told that Brighton had fallen to the enemy, and they knew not whether their parents were alive or dead. I am quite sure that the same "mass hysteria" and "rioting" would occur even in the absence of a Spanish temperament!

The "terrorising of the countryside" at Brechfa was reported with equal distortion. It was reported that for apparently no reason at all a group of boys marched into the village, armed with stout sticks and a quantity of stones, and thereupon set about attacking the local pub. They were finally rounded up and escorted back to the camp by a body of police on foot and in cars. The actual facts are as follows. Three of the boys on a visit to the village climbed into a car, as boys will, and released the hand-brake. The car moved forward for a yard or so before the brake was applied. The infuriated driver, finding three foreigners in his car, expressed his wrath with considerable emphasis, whereupon a crowd collected, shouting their sympathy with the owner, and hurling abuse at the boys. When they returned to the camp and informed their friends of the incident it was decided that a peace visit should be made to the town, and so they marched, 15 to 20 in number, on their mission of goodwill. However, when they reached the village pub two farmers came out who chanced to be carrying guns. Alarmed at the sight of so many Spanish children they shouted at them (in Welsh) to return and waved their arms frantically. Thinking another attack was imminent, the boys broke up and began to throw stones, during the course of which several windows were broken, but no person injured. Immediately, the police were called out and the round-up began. Eventually they were returned to the camp, and later one of the boys complained of the treatment he received at the hands of the police.

In order that these particular children should not jeopardise the reputation of others in this country, it was decided by the Committee to send them to a home in France. When they arrived to spend the night in London en route, I among others met them at Paddington Station. When the train drew in, out of the carriage tumbled 19 small boys, ages ranging from 7 to 14. Without any difficulty they were taken to the Royal Hotel, and displayed such a regard for table manners that the other guests and the staff commented on it. "Who are they?" a man asked. We told him that these were the desperadoes that were terrorising Wales. The man burst into a hearty roar of laughter.

One of the feeblest reports was in a certain evening newspaper which told of their arrival in France. Whilst waiting on the platform for the train, "demanding food and cigarettes from bystanders, a stranger tossed them a couple of melons. Immediately there was pandemonium, and knives flashed as the boys fought for the pieces of melon." The true story was that the boys did struggle for the pieces of melon—as the Westminster school boys struggle for pieces of pancake on Shrove Tuesday—and, after that, produced pocket-knives similar to those used by scouts, and proceeded to cut the tough outer skin away.

These, I think, have been the major incidents and those which have been given the most unsympathetic publicity. The Salvation Army Home at Clapton experienced difficulties (escapes and disobedience), but these originated from attempting to isolate the children during a period of quarantine in premises which had no suitable playground. What is most significant is the fact that the good behaviour and contentment of the children in all the other homes, scattered throughout England, has not been commented upon, apparently through the desire of the hostile press that the behaviour of a score should be made to represent them all.

London, W.1. S. RICHARDS

LABOUR AND THE LEFT BOOK CLUB

SIR,—The National Executive of the Labour Party is making loyalty to it more and more difficult. I have just read in the current Left News of Dr. Dalton's rejection of the Left Book Club's offer of help. Harold Laski, in a very restrained account, gives the offer in detail—an *exclusive* platform in the Left News (double numbers) for official Labour views on major issues for September and October, to synchronise with the T.U.C. and Party Conferences, and the mobilisation of the Club's enormous resources of propaganda and discussion for these two months for the official programme only. To an uninstructed person like myself that seems a most valuable opportunity, and it was with absolute dismay that I read of its rejection.

The chief grounds for the refusal appear to have been, (*a*) that the *Left News* is consistently critical of the present Party leadership, and (*b*) that on balance the Club publications support the United Front, which the Party rejects. One is reminded of your remark, Sir, about "looking for anything energetic, calling it Communism, and giving it a kick in the pants." The reason for ground-of-objection (*a*) is made pretty clear by the refusal itself. This sort of attitude is just deadly discouragement to those who, like myself, see in immediate and concerted resistance to the Fascist offensive the pressing necessity of the hour, and the only hope of the survival of Socialism at all. Can it be wondered at that we demand a new Executive that will not play the fool while destruction approaches? W. B.

Stroud.

POLICE COURTS

SIR,—Magistrates are not wholly responsible for the poor quality of the justice often administered in police courts—which, by the way, are not only courts of summary jurisdiction but also courts of preliminary enquiry so far as offences triable by jury are concerned. Certain amendments of procedure seem necessary, among which, for example, are:

(1) In all cases of misdemeanour bail should be as of right except where a person has previously absconded from bail. Too often the police oppose bail on the ground that "other charges" are to be brought against the defendant. Well, the "other charges" can be dealt with if and when they arise, and their imminence should not empower a magistrate to refuse bail.

(2) Crime requires reclassification. Some of the minor felonies might well be designated misdemeanours.

(3) Police court proceedings concerning offences which would ultimately be tried by a jury should not be reported in the newspapers.

(4) The First Offenders' Act should be used much more often than it is. "Binding over" may have a similar practical effect, but it carries with it a considerable stigma and cannot fail to impose considerable strain on the offender during the currency of the "binding over" period; and

(5) A person acquitted on a criminal charge should never be made to pay costs. An acquittal should be complete for all purposes. No behaviour other than proved criminal behaviour should attract a penalty in any form.

Law Society's Hall. G. W. R. THOMSON

SIR,—Sooner or later the Labour Party will have to tackle the whole question of police administration.

Recently three Hampstead ratepayers, two of us having been candidates for Parliament at the last General Election, made a protest in writing on the official form at the local police station about the conduct of a police officer, which seemed to us and to others present to be of such a provocative nature that a serious breach of the peace might have occurred.

No reply was vouchsafed for some weeks, but at last, in answer to a further letter, a reply came from the Chief Constable at Scotland Yard, writing on behalf of the Commissioner of Police, saying that it had been "established" that the officer in question *was not present* when the occurrence took place.

As one of my friends, who is still a Parliamentary candidate, expostulated to the officer in question at the time of the incident, and as he made a laboured and contradictory attempt to excuse his action to me shortly afterwards, one wonders by what means the evidence of our own eyes was disproved, especially as no further enquiry was made of any of us.

Another letter to Scotland Yard elicited the answer that nothing further could usefully be added! DAVID FREEMAN

96 Priory Road,
West Hampstead.

HORTICULTURAL WAGES

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. C. Lawrence, may be glad to know that of several efforts to organise horticultural workers, mainly in the concentration of the glass-house industry in the Lea Valley, the latest is the most successful.

The National Union of Agricultural Workers caters for men in horticulture, and workers have been joining in large numbers, particularly this year. Movements for wage improvements have been begun in nurseries with over 50 per cent. membership.

Present rates are round about 1s. an hour (some more, some less). In several nurseries no overtime is paid. Efforts are being made, with some success already, to get improvements in working conditions regarding drinking water, sanitation, and the like.

Cases in which lads and women have been paid at less than the agricultural minimum rate have been exposed, and this has had a salutary effect.

The employers' organisation has refused to meet the men's Union. The usual attempts have been made to discredit trade unionism, and some victimisation has occurred.

The Land Worker, H. B. POINTING
Headland House,
308 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

BOOKS FOR SPAIN

SIR,—Any one of your readers who has been ill—by which I mean every one of your readers—knows the pleasure, not to say the necessity, of books during the period of convalescence. In Spain, the Spanish Medical Aid Committee have now established at least four permanent hospitals, crowded with wounded from the International as well as from Spanish Brigades. These wounded are badly in need of books; and an effort is being made to collect good libraries for them. Books of the following categories are required: political, elementary scientific; fiction (including detective stories); historical; and books on simple technical subjects such as carpentry, electric fittings, etc. Some new German and French books (for patients who do not speak English) would be much appreciated; also Spanish grammars. If any of your readers are willing to give books, these would be very gratefully received and sent straight out to Spain by the Committee of the Spanish Medical Aid, 24, New Oxford Street, W.C.1; or should there be too much difficulty and distress attached to the despatching of parcels, the S.M.A. would, if informed, collect books from London and near-London addresses.

Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to add a reminder that the wounded in Spain are as likely as we are to find dull books dull and bad books bad; and to beg that such volumes as sink the owners' spirits should be allowed to remain in the spare room, the box room, the cupboard in the passage.

Spanish Medical Aid Committee, ROSAMOND LEHMANN
24 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

RED TALONS

SIR,—I am constantly so much astonished by the profound knowledge of social psychology exhibited by your contributor "Y. Y.," that I hesitate to cavil at any of his observations. But I think his remarks on nails may be a little misleading.

Being, no doubt, less experienced in such matters than "Y. Y.," I have long supposed that young women of this generation smeared their lips with viscous mercurial oxide in order to repel any inclination to kiss them, and that they painted their talons with blood in order to warn adventurous youths of the laceration that their faces might suffer if they approached with any such purpose. In short, that these devices are a form of protective colouring.

So far as my observation goes, I believe the suggestion that it originated among white women who had negro blood in their veins because the black stain comes out in the finger-nails, to be a fiction of romantic short-story-tellers. Such may, perhaps, be the case in America, to which "Y. Y." refers the origin of the custom of painting the nails; but having been acquainted with hundreds of persons of both sexes of mixed blood in the West Indies I have never been able, myself, to detect the "damned spot." Biologically, I should suppose there to be no antecedent reason why colour should persist in the shielded area of the nails, which is the last place where it is required as protective colouring.

Wychwood, Selsey Avenue, OLIVIER
Bognor Regis.

THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

SIR,—Dr. Harry Roberts, in his critique of Dr. A. J. Cronin's book, *The Citadel*, expects too much of the British public. Of course, we are ignorant in a medical sense. However, there must be many like myself who resent being classed as snobs because when we are ill we go confidently to our G.P.'s. If the terms they use are unfamiliar, is it not a reflection on the general education in this country, where elementary physiology is not included in school curriculums?

If Dr. Roberts admits the wide view, he will surely see that the main purpose of Dr. Cronin's book is to plead that better medical services be made available to the public. To this end, the hero (Manson) advocates:

(1) Co-operation of physician, surgeon, and scientist—the three working as one unit;

(2) The building of an outer ring of city hospitals;

(3) Facilities for post-graduate work for every medical man in order to keep him up to date. D. I.

51 Hornton Street,
London, W.8.

A CORRECTION

SIR,—On a point of fact and to avoid possible misunderstandings, may I be permitted to correct something in Mr. Stonier's most entertaining criticism of my book, *As Young as Sophocles?* I would not dream of claiming any of your valuable space for any purely personal matter, but when your reviewer says of me that I am "best known to the English public as a pacifist and the originator of the 'Save the Children Fund' after the war," I must in fairness to others disclaim so high an honour. If I am indeed known to any section of the English public as a pacifist, I am very proud that this should be so, but with regard to the well-known "Save the Children Fund," for which I was able to carry out some work during its first years, I have certainly never claimed, in my book or elsewhere, so great a distinction as being its "originator." If my memory serves me, this wonderful organisation was brought into existence by the "Fight the Famine Council," formed at the end of the war to combat the continuation of the blockade, which in fact lasted for some seven or eight months after the conclusion of hostilities and was, therefore, responsible for the death or crippling of hundreds of thousands of German and Austrian children. The "Fight the Famine Council" owed its life to the courage, enterprise, and humanity of such people as Lord and Lady Parmoor (Lady Parmoor was then, I think, Miss Ellis) and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roden Buxton.

Villa des Aulnes, GERALD HAMILTON
Coq-sur-Mer.

SLICED TYRES

SIR,—English motorists display their sensible appreciation of some of the points raised by Mr. H. L. Kenward in your issue of August 14th by a reluctance to have their standard tyres "sliced" by a firm not engaged in tyre design and manufacture. But Mr. Kenward will agree that the British tyre industry is subjected to a very definite challenge by the American A.A. test of an American tyre, purporting to furnish stopping distances much less than those regarded as minima in this country. To this challenge Mr. Kenward opposes neither facts nor opinions.

We shall agree with him that the "slicing" of a well-worn cover suggests the possibility of the tread collapsing after a modest mileage. But continuing to drive on a cover worn smooth suggests inferior braking and considerable skidding risks, so that, especially in autumn, winter and spring many owners may prefer the risks of "slicing" to the probably more formidable risks of smooth treads. R. E. DAVIDSON

SPANISH CASUALTIES

SIR,—I respect Mr. Fernsworth's reporting in the newspapers of two continents and share his scepticism of "authorities," especially where figures are involved. But the Government ought to know how many men it lost in the Barcelona putsch in May, and a Government official who dealt with this situation told me that the number of *Government* dead was 500. I cannot, therefore, accept Mr. Fernsworth's total of 500, for the same official felt safe in his estimate that those who fought against the Government suffered 900 fatalities. LOUIS FISCHER
Paris.

FRANCE AND FRANCO

SIR,—I should like to correct a small but misleading misprint in my article on Andorra. In my account of the Catalan refugees there occurs the sentence :

> At first these were mostly well-to-do Catalans, as well as priests and nuns ; nearly all these people asked to be sent to France.

What I wrote was not " France " but " Franco."

ALEXANDER WERTH

BLACK AND WHITE PROBLEM

SIR,—Your correspondents have assumed that what the first man said must be " I am white." What if he merely made a remark about the weather? Then the second man told a lie and was black. The first man, therefore, was black too, but the third man was white.

W. G. BOWEN

Innsbruck, Am.

Miscellany

THE MOMENT TRANSFIXES THE SPACE WHICH DIVIDES

O the watch and the compasses!
At five the man fell under the trees
The watch flew off stopped at a moon
Of time staring from the dead wrist
Where no air breathes, hours creep no inches,
Shadows wag over transparent light
And the time and the place are death.

The watch and O the compasses!
He the dead centre, and I their arm
Thrown over mountains rivers and valleys,
When the clocks struck five and the wrist watch stopped
And nailed to his final loneliness
He lacked my assuaging glance of peace.
And the time and the place are death.

O the watch and O the compasses!
The hour at five, the corpse under the trees,
Distance over mountains rivers and valleys,
The leaden bullet which like a clock
Split open the moment dividing us,
And that space chained to my wrists for ever.
And the time and the place are death.

STEPHEN SPENDER

ANIMALS AND MUSIC

THE advent of wireless has possibly caused music of one kind or another to be more widely heard and discussed than ever before in human history. Whereas it was once chiefly enjoyed only in leisure hours, or purveyed by the wandering minstrel, it is now forced upon the attention at every moment of the day and night. One has only to consider some of the endless criticisms offered to the B.B.C. to realise how vastly conceptions and standards of music vary. One man's music is another's noise, and what may enrapture a Londoner may be torture to a native of Hankow. It is quite certain, however, that neither music, nor its appreciation, are human monopolies. Most of our activities are seen, reduced to their crudest rudiments, in the lower animals, and amongst them the production and enjoyment of music have their place.

Although much uncharted territory still awaits research workers in this field, some interesting experiments have already been made at various zoological institutions, laboratories, etc., and even in the wilds. The results, as at present assembled, are decidedly illuminating, if perhaps confusing. Some animals, such as the rhinoceros for example, appear to be wholly unmoved by music of any kind, in spite of what Shakespeare has said about its influence over the savage beast. Orpheus himself possibly would be obliged to run for his life, if attempting to try the powers of his lyre upon the rhinoceros.

In striking contrast is the reception accorded to any kind of music by seals, sea-lions, etc. They appear indifferent as to the nature of the musician's efforts, Chopin or " hot music " apparently giving them equal delight. From the first moment when the musician begins to handle his instrument these animals rise breast-high from the water, and thus remain, with eyes closed, apparently entranced until the last strains of the melody have died away. The classics indeed contain many references to this remarkable fondness for music on the part of all the pinnipeds. In the Hebrides, old time seal hunters used to lure their quarry within gun shot by playing a special " seal song " upon violin, mouth organ, or accordion —a treacherous device which seldom failed to produce a profitable " bag." The attention paid by the animals seems to be something more than mere curiosity, and to suggest genuine, if primitive, aesthetic pleasure.

Wolves, jackals, and dogs alone amongst the terrestrial carnivora seem responsive to music, particularly to strains played in a minor key, at once pointing their noses skywards, and howling dismally. One feline animal, the cheetah, can at least be attracted by music to a certain extent. Its attention is held at once, rollicking airs seeming to cause it pleasure whilst minor chords produce depression or even alarm.

Of the many hoofed animals the bovidae appear to be genuinely " drawn " to melody of one kind or another. Many jests have been made during recent years concerning the domestic cow's susceptibility to music but the supporters of the theory that the cow's aesthetic sense is existent, and not merely fanciful, appear to be fully justified in their contentions. An acquaintance of the writer's has described how the cows in a certain field leased to campers regularly gathered round a gramophone, or wireless set, whenever such was " in action," appearing to be held stolidly spellbound whenever music—genuine or alleged—was being broadcast, but at once returning to their pasture when the announcer threatened expectant hearers with an improving " talk." So generally is the cow's love of music now accepted, that several large dairy farmers, so I am informed, have installed " wireless " in their milking sheds, declaring that an increased output of milk invariably results. No doubt the lacteal glands respond more readily to manipulation when the animals are in a state of soothed relaxation. It may be recalled, in this connection, that many old prints and paintings of rural England, show a fiddler or piper " obliging " the occupants of the cowshed—bovine and human—whilst milking is in progress.

Music as applied to reptiles seems to have had little result, save in regard to crocodiles, particularly young specimens. Music invariably persuades these to remain with heads held high above water, in a listening attitude, so long as the musician plays to them. In spite of all that has been written on the subject, many still cherish an illusion that snakes can be charmed by music of a kind. Much colour has been given to this fallacy by the efforts of itinerant snake charmers, yet there is no scientific basis for accrediting any appreciation of music to serpents of any kind. Snakes are without hearing apparatus as generally understood, and when a snake dances, apparently in sympathy with the charmer's doleful tune, it is merely following the rhythmic movements of his body, in a ceaseless search for a favourable opportunity to strike. The gourd flute is in fact merely a piece of showman's bluff.

It is unscientific to assume that some aesthetic sense must exist in creatures which habitually " sing " during their mating seasons. Yet the howl of the cat upon the roof, the frogs' deep croak from the reeds, or the larks' outpourings from the sky may all reasonably be classed as " music," at least to the respective audiences for which they are intended.

Musical appreciation, or indeed sound appreciation of any kind, as manifested by fishes has long been debated, and made the subjects of experiments. Some of the latter have not lacked entertainment. For example, authorities at Plymouth Aquarium, some time ago, attempted to ascertain whether fish could be made to associate an under-water buzzer with

" feeding time." One thoughtful cod soon appeared to couple the buzzer with the feeding box in which it was placed, and took up permanent residence in the latter, determined apparently to leave nothing to chance. The majority of fish are deaf but are certainly sensitive, in varying degree, to vibrations, as any pond or aquarium keeper will have noticed.

The vast concourse of the arthropods—the crabs, lobsters, spiders and insects—show auditory senses of greatly varying degree. Writers innumerable have borne witness to the fact that spiders can frequently be lured from their retreats by music. Many arthropods carry an auditory, or at least receptive, apparatus, which can pick up the finest vibrations in the air or water surrounding them. Lobsters carry so-called " auditory hairs " upon their legs, the moth's complex antennae are regarded now as " aerials," whilst some insects, such as crickets and grasshoppers, bear " ears " or receptive tympani upon their thighs. Even the unloved mosquito appears to at least appreciate its own—to us—intensely irritating tune. Some years ago an Italian engineer observed that when a dynamo registered a certain note, mosquitoes flocked to it in hundreds. Taking the hint, he erected a highly charged wire grid in connection with the dynamo, with the gratifying result that uncountable battalions of insect pests were thus lured to instantaneous destruction!

E. G. BOULENGER

THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL

ALL the disgruntled English visitors at Salzburg go to the Franz Josef Bad where they may swim in blue chlorinated Alpine water or lie in the sun airing their grievances. I lay in the sun after a swim the other day and it so happened that next to me were lying in what ought to have been a state of blissful satisfaction at being where they were instead of sweltering in offices or the crowded streets of London, two men who not suspecting I could understand what they were saying—for in a modern bathing dress nationality is exceedingly hard to detect—began to curse Salzburg and everybody in it. " I shall not come here again," said one of them, " next year I shall go to the South of France, which I hear is now deserted, or perhaps to Yalta ; there is no music here, only Toscanini, and if Toscanini were to cease to come the place would immediately be empty. They are all Toscanini-mad."

It is perfectly true that Toscanini is the chief attraction for the majority of Americans, English and Italians who come to hear music at Salzburg. But this is only natural. Toscanini is the only living serious musician who is as well known to the general public as the popular film-star of the day. It is also true that a proportion—but exactly what proportion one cannot say—of those who fill the Festspielhaus for a Toscanini performance are utterly incapable of any real appreciation either of the music they hear or of his gifts, but to dwell overmuch on this side of the Salzburg Festival is to give a completely distorted picture of it since the Toscanini performances provide only a small part of the music of the Festival.

For example the first concert I attended after my arrival here was No. 3 of the Mozart Serenade concerts at the Residenz when the Mairecker Quartet played Mozart's Quartet in C (K.465) and Schubert's Quartet in D minor, " Der Tod und das Madchen." The large hall of the Residenz was crowded for this concert although the Mairecker Quartet is unknown in England and America. It is a good but not an extraordinarily good quartet and the playing of the Mozart was uncertain in rhythm and altogether rather tentative. The Schubert was a good deal better. These " Serenade " concerts are slightly misnamed for one would expect them to be devoted wholly to Mozart's serenades and divertimentos which they are not ; in four out of the seven his orchestral serenades are played, but the other three are divided between the Rose Quartet and the Mairecker Quartet.

The next event was a performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* under Bruno Walter at the Festspielhaus. The cast was excellent: Marian Stabile as the Count ; Aulikki Rautawarra, the Countess ; Ezio Pinza, Figaro ; Novotna, Cherubino and a soprano new to me, Esther Rethy, as Susanna, who was excellent in every respect. Pinza is a magnificent Figaro and, as I hear, a superb Don Giovanni ; he has more force and edge than Brownless or Stabile and could hardly be bettered. Novotna makes a delightful Cherubino and sang " Voi che sapete " in the second act better than I had ever heard it sung. All the minor parts were exceptionally well filled, better than at Glyndebourne this year. Nevertheless the total impression was a little less satisfactory. Bruno Walter has a larger and much better orchestra than Fritz Busch has at Glyndebourne but his fatal inclination to over-refinement takes some of the power out of the work. Also the choreography by Margareta Wallmann in the third act was distinctly inferior to that at Glyndebourne. Some of the tradition of the Vienna State Opera House lingers on at Salzburg and Vienna has always been weak in its operatic choreography. It is far too elaborate, fussy and is not conceived in the right spirit as an integral part of the opera.

The following day, however, one of the great events of Salzburg took place and that was the performance under Dr. Paumgartner, of Mozart's C minor Mass in the St. Peter's Church, where it was originally performed under Mozart's own direction on August 25th, 1783. This event alone was sufficient to justify any journey to Salzburg from whatever distance. The work itself in this Paumgartner edition, which completes this unfinished Mass by linking the missing finale from Mozart's earlier C major Mass (K.262) and repeating the music to the Kyrie for the Agnus Dei, is one of Mozart's greatest compositions. It made a tremendous impression on me when I heard it for the first time last year and this was confirmed and even deepened on this occasion. It deserves a place together with Bach's B minor Mass and Beethoven's Missa Solennis and in my opinion is not the least of the three. The performance with Huni-Mihacsek from Munich Keldorfer-Gehmacher of Salzburg, Hermann Gallos from Vienna, Fritz Krenn from Berlin, Fritz Sauer at the organ and with the Mozartean choir assisted by the Vienna State Opera chorus was simply superb.

Three days later came the performance for which most people—musicians and non-musicians—looked forward with the greatest eagerness, namely that of the Verdi Requiem with Toscanini and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra at the Festspielhaus. I don't suppose I shall ever hear such a performance of this work again. Toscanini cannot go on for many more years conducting like this ; it is not humanly possible at his age. Also, he was fortunate in his choice of soloists. I do not think the quartet Zinka Kunz, Kerstin Thorborg, Helge Roswaenge and Alexander Kipnis could be bettered and if Toscanini performs the Verdi Requiem in London, as it is rumoured he will, next year it is doubtful whether he will be as well served by his four soloists as on this occasion. The tenor, Helge Roswaenge, must be selected for special mention because it is so rarely that one hears a tenor who has the voice, the musicianship and the power to do justice to this part. The choir of the Vienna State Opera is a magnificent body of singers with a splendid body of tone in each section, thoroughly reliable as to pitch and exceptionally plastic and capable of a beautiful *pianissimo* and a great variety of tone colour.

But of course it is the inspiring personality of Toscanini which unites all these artists into the complete achievement of such a performance. One comes again and again back to the simile of a flame ; there is no other word which so aptly expresses the unique character of Toscanini's conducting. It is an exhibition of a burning vitality which is not to be described adequately but is absolutely unmistakable and is felt by everyone in the orchestra and chorus and even by the audience. Such performances do not come within the province of criticism for they are not within the power even of greatly gifted musicians, they are phenomena all by themselves and when Toscanini is dead we shall not hear them again.

As for the work itself I cannot, even in my great admiration for Verdi, class this composition with Mozart's C minor Mass. Wonderful and full of invention and vitality as Verdi's Requiem is it is on a lower plane and breathes a less purified air than that of Mozart's great work. But under Toscanini it is a revelation of tremendous dramatic power.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Gertie Maudie," at the St. Martin's

Mr. van Druten's new play is a very neat piece of construction—far too neat, indeed. For a play should appear to admit of a variety of different solutions, like a crossword in the *Sunday Pictorial*. This play, like the crossword in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, admits of only one, and after the first act we sit waiting more or less patiently for what we have guessed must happen. To compensate for the total absence of suspense or surprise there is neither an interesting character nor any distinction of writing. The chorus-girl heroine is a bore throughout, and the only *raison d'être* of the play is to provide a few exceedingly ham situations; the heroine, with breaking heart, singing *The Chocolate Soldier* waltz to a little girl in bed, the hero trying to rape the heroine when she has just taken a lethal dose of a sleeping-draught, the little girl talking to her aunt and her "new uncle" of the heroine's death which has been caused by their engagement. This play is as unreal as it is conventional, and one wonders what induced Mr. van Druten to spin such a dowdy old yarn. Was it perhaps the memory of a stage-struck childhood, and the talk in kitchen and nursery of Gertie Millar, Edna May and Lily Elsie? His great gift in his other plays has been a close observation of life. We were able to believe in his characters, even if their actions were a little improbable. In this play it is only the turns of speech which are convincing, and the minor characters. Mr. van Druten never took a pre-war chorus-girl out to supper; consequently has had to supplement observation with imagination; and imagination is not his *forte*. There is room for a lively play about the great days of the Gaiety and Daly's. Mr. Coward sketched a scene—at Romano's, was it?—in *Cavalcade*, but that was no great shakes. Pinero did something fuller and very much more interesting in *The Mind the Paint Girl*. And *Gertie Maude* at one moment adumbrates a good theme; the musical comedy girl lost between two classes, the gilded Johnnies who won't marry her, and the men of her own class whom she has grown too grand for. We should like to have met Gertie's actress friends—Rosie who married a peer, and Mabel who married a plumber, and learnt why she was too good, or too bad, for either of these fates. Instead we are told that she died for love, and have to try to believe it. But she is so dim to us that this is not a tragedy, it is a mere mishap.

It is just possible that better casting could have saved this play. Miss Carol Goodner is an excellent actress, but she seemed quite at sea as a Gaiety girl. She gave us neither glamour nor vitality, nor even a fashionable figure. And too often she relapsed from Cockney into her native American. The fourteen-year-old Miss Annabel Maule, as a precocious child, brought down the house, but the two outstanding performances in our opinion were given by Mr. Griffith Jones, and Miss Joan Swinstead. Mr. Griffith Jones, as a waiter infatuated with Gertie Maude, was admirably disquieting. If he had killed himself, or Gertie Maude, for love, we should have believed it. And Miss Swinstead, as a parlour-maid with a face out of Aubrey Beardsley, similarly succeeded in suggesting an intensity of feeling which the text did not convey. Mr. Sebastian Smith played a character part with treacly skill. The settings were convincing, and Miss Auriol Lee produced, but the play and Miss Goodner were just uninteresting. We knew what was going to happen, and we didn't care; and that, alas, was that. A great pity, for a play of Mr. van Druten's seemed something to which one could look forward.

"Twelfth Night," at the Open Air Theatre

Black and white against foliage artificial in its stillness, the Illyrians love, drink, and confuse identities in another, an Arcadian, world. But part of the play's fascination is the startling manner in which the remote figures will step out of their frame and come to life. Throughout the play, and particularly at such moments as her jealous half-fearful request to see Olivia's face, her desperate "Sooth, but you must" to the Duke's refusal to accept Olivia's denial, Miss Margaretta Scott presented a subtle and passionate Viola torn between love for the Duke and loyalty to his errand. And while most delicate in her hints at Olivia's dissimulated attraction to Cesario, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry spoke her declaration of love on a note of tormented emotion. The Feste of Mr. Leslie French was sensitive and sad beneath the waggishness. He quips on his belated home-coming with the air of desperately improvising to avert punishment, he is indeed put "out of his guard" by Malvolio's contemptuous analysis, and his reply to Viola "Not so, Sir, I do care for something" had a wistful quality. With the cell-scene omitted, the baiting of Malvolio is relieved of some of its ugliness, and we can laugh, as at a clown, with rather less misgiving—although one was glad to see Olivia and Viola frown at the gibes of the rest of the Court. Mr. Laidman Browne, although too protracted in his letter reading, made an excellent burlesque of the character. The clowning of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew was at first rather wooden but warmed up. Mr. Roy Byford as the former supplies plenty of "business" and so prevents the bald patches and the unravelling of complications near the end from becoming tedious. The settings are charming, the team work excellent, and the exclamations "Coo" and "Good Gracious" at new developments of the plot from the lady behind us were proofs that the production is dramatically effective.

THE COMING WEEK

MONDAY, August 23rd—

Conference of the Study of Shakespeare's Plays, Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon. Till September 4th.

Meeting to mark anniversary of departure of first British Medical Unit for Spain. Speakers include Dean of Canterbury, Dr. H. B. Morgan, Mrs. Leah Manning, Viscountess Hastings, Philip Jordan, and others. Friends House, 8.

E. Hardy on "Behind Mr. Cole's Popular Front," 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Everyman Cinema.

WEDNESDAY, August 25th—

"Wanted for Murder," Lyceum.

THURSDAY, August 26th—

"Time and the Conways," Duchess.

FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE can be every widow's INHERITANCE

Make certain that *your* widow would be free from financial anxiety. A "Widow's Income" Policy will not only ensure your own peace of mind, but will provide the comfort and security of a guaranteed income for the lifetime of your wife if she is left to face the world alone.

An enquiry for full details and for an illustration suited to your own circumstances will cost you nothing; rest assured you will incur no obligation by doing so.

LEGAL & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY LTD.

Head Office

10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Established 1836. *Assets exceed £39,500,000*

Branches & Agencies throughout the World.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

QUEEN VICTORIA'S famous reflection that one of the pleasures of visiting the Highlands of Scotland was conversing with the Highlanders could scarcely have been made to-day; she was, of course, exceptionally privileged—but her observation cannot have been generally true even when she wrote. For the striking fact is that there are no Highlanders to converse with: the Highlands, which must at one time have been as thickly populated as Connaught is to-day, are empty. The English tourist, guide-book in hand, reads of historic glens, each of which sent its fifty or hundred men to battle, but he finds himself in the most uninhabited country in Europe—looking down fertile valleys in which for several miles he can see no inhabitants at all—or at most an ancient ghillie attached to an hotel. The devastation is strangely complete—no ruins of ancient huts can be detected among the bracken and heather which have obliterated the boundaries of the crofters' fields. The people have been gone a long time—and though the process of eradicating the Highlander was finally carried out when he was the most universally romanticised figure, in the reign of Victoria, it had begun well before the nineteenth century. In 1791 Mr. Patrick Campbell, who was waiting at Greenock to take ship himself, met a Nova Scotian, who told him:

> He was employed to engage vessels for sixteen hundred he had on his list, ready to embark for America; and that eight hundred more were preparing to follow the next year, which I knew was not due to wantonness, or desire of change of situation on their part, but principally to the inhumanity and oppression of their landlords, who either distressed them, or screwed up the rents to a pitch they could not possibly pay. Of this I could not possibly be mistaken, as I knew many of the people in this predicament, and some of them I had seen wringing their hands, crying most bitterly, deploring their miserable families, and the state they were reduced to.

Mr. Patrick Campbell, who seems to have been a cadet of the Glenorchy family, had been as a young man for seven years forester of Mam Lorn forest, near Loch Tulla. He had loved the days and nights he spent with the keeper, Angus Cameron, on the bare mountains, when they would make a meal of raw oatmeal, sleep in their plaids, with the deer-hounds at their feet, and have got three stags before dawn. But there is no doubt that it was then that his conscience was first troubled about the crofters. Mr. Patrick Campbell was at Greenock with his servant Duncan, his black and white dog, and his double-barrelled gun waiting for a brig to go to Canada, as he wanted to find out for himself, on the spot, what were the opportunities for Scottish settlers, and whether, if the appalling emigration could not be stopped, it could be directed into another part of the King's Dominions, and not to the United States.

* * *

The account which he published of his investigations—*Travels in the Interior Inhabited Parts of North America in the Years* 1791 *and* 1792, published in Edinburgh, 1798, is a very rare book which has been republished, edited by H. H. Langton and W. F. Ganong (The Champlain Society, Toronto). It has all the attraction of a book of early travels to a wild country, but at the same time there is much to remind one of Arthur Young. Everywhere Campbell notes the soil, the fisheries, modes of hunting, and describes the estates of the principal settlers. Many of them were Scottish, and more than once Campbell was able to surprise an acquaintance of twenty years ago by appearing before him unannounced. In this way he accosted his nephew, Dugald Campbell, an engineer of some importance, and the keeper Cameron. But the most dramatic of such encounters was with a Glenlochy woman. When he reached the farm Campbell said there must be some mistake: the flocks of turkeys, geese and fowls, the regular enclosures and new farm buildings could never be the property of a Highlander.

> When I came in, they took no sort of notice of me farther than desiring me to sit down. After sitting a while in this way, nobody speaking to me or I to them, Mrs. Frazer happened to sit by me, I looked full in her face; and clearly recognising her features, I accosted her in Gaelic, and asked her if she had ever seen me before. . . . She turned about to her husband; "My dear (she said) this is the gentleman whom I often told you was so kind to us when he was forester of Mam Lorn. . . ." I little expected when I befriended a poor widow-woman with a family of children, in the North-west of Scotland, I should meet with any returns for it in Upper Canada.

Campbell gives a particularly full survey of the province of New Brunswick, noting the rich soil and the vast fisheries of salmon—which have now declined so that no salmon river on the east coast of America can be compared with the English Wye. The settlers told him tall stories of giant serpents, and the sailors told him wonderful yarns of "balloch fish," which seized bathers "by their posteriors"; but he set these down with a sort of canny simplicity which is very engaging. He reveals his character. There is a touch of Boswell about him:

> When the hour of dinner came I set out, but in place of going to Mr. Dunlop, where I ought to have gone, I dashed into Mr. M'Gees without any ceremony and sat down in the parlour, one of the Mr. M'Gee's very politely sat along with me, while the other and some strangers were at dinner. After waiting in this way three quarters of an hour, I began to be a good deal surprised, ruminating in my own mind, I recollected that it was with Mr. Dunlop, and not with the Messrs. M'Gee I was to dine.

When the brig struck a rock he waited to dress while everyone else ran naked on deck, but, unarmed in the New Brunswick forest, imagined a bear about to seize him "by the posteriors." When he had cut himself a cudgel, he felt quite reassured. Everything he notes himself is accurate: names of persons and places, details of all sorts can be relied on, with one exception: he had no notion of heights, and gives the elevation of a hill as three miles when it is really only five hundred feet. However, he is only eighteen inches out about the height of Niagara Falls.

* * *

If he was delighted to find women to whom he could speak Gaelic in Canada, he was almost more delighted with the Indians, in whom he detected a great many of the Highlander's virtues. In the American War of Independence the Mohawks had sided with the Loyalists, and at the end of the war had migrated under their famous chief, Joseph Brant, to Canada. Campbell visited Brant and was his honoured guest for several days, and the account he gives is fascinating. Tea was served in a handsome china tea set when he arrived, and the next day, being Sunday, they went to church, where the service was conducted by an Indian. Two English ladies were present:

> But when Mrs. Brant appeared superbly dressed in the Indian fashion, the elegance of her person, grandeur of her looks and deportment, her large mild black eyes, symmetry and harmony of her expressive features, though much darker complexion, so far surpassed them as not to admit of the smallest comparison between the Indian and the fair European ladies; I could not in her presence so much as look at them. . . . .

The little Brants were equally glorious, and church was followed by a war dance, after which Campbell addressed the Mohawk braves in Gaelic, "the Indian language of my country," saying that he had fought in many parts of Europe and killed many men, at which the Indians laughed heartily when it was interpreted. After the war dances, they had civil ones, in which he took part, and afterwards they had Scotch reels and he got tipsy. Drinking and dancing, "I do not remember I ever passed a night in my life I enjoyed more." A great many of the settlers, especially leading men in the community, are mentioned as having married squaws, and Campbell was all in favour of such marriages:

> To cross the breed of every species of creatures is deemed an advantage, but I am convinced it can be to none more than to the human species; as I do not remember to have seen an instance where a white man and an Indian woman did not produce handsome and well-looking children.

He was as liberal in his religious outlook, and his economic survey, with its delightful digressions on such matters as bee-hunting, Ossian and the saga of David Ramsay, is a most charming book.

DAVID GARNETT

TOM MOORE

The Minstrel Boy. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 18*s.*

Tom Moore had many merits as a man, but remarkably few on the subject of a biography. He was a good husband, a good father, a good friend, altogether one of the most amiable of fellows, and there is precious little else to say about him. Though he was Byron's greatest friend, and knew all the most prominent Englishmen of his time, the eight volumes of his journal and correspondence are quite remarkably uninteresting. They are thought to have been freely expurgated by Lord John Russell, who edited them, and I hoped that Mr. Strong would have procured access to the manuscript. But he says merely that it is not available, without informing us whether it still exists, and if so who is responsible for keeping it secret. In any case, it probably would throw little further light on Moore, though it may contain some entertaining scandal. The trouble seems to be not that we know too little about him, but that there was too little worth knowing. He was, in fact, an uninteresting and commonplace man, unusual only in his popularity as a poet and his amiability as a man. Mr. Strong does not mention some of the most striking tributes to his poetry. Landor, for instance, said that Moore had written a greater number of beautiful lyrics than any other one man; Mme. de Staël was always proclaiming her passion for his poetry, and Stendhal read *Lalla Rookh* no less than five times—or at least said he had. Mr. Strong points out how skilfully Moore wrote words to traditional tunes, and how eminently singable his *Irish Melodies* are. But in order to see just how undistinguished they are, one has only to look at any anthology of Elizabethan lyrics. Occasionally he caught the particular movement which appears in later Anglo-Irish verse, notably Mr. Yeats's, but his phraseology is always undistinguished. And personally I prefer the sugarplum orientalism of *Lalla Rookh*, which Mr. Strong dismisses in one paragraph without a single quotation, to the drawing-room sentimentality of the *Melodies*. His satiric and comic poems are third-rate, his prose flat, soft and impersonal. His chief gift was fluency, and he was probably unfortunate in not having been born in 1729 instead of 1779. He belonged to the Age of Sensibility rather than to the Romantic Movement, and would have been happier as a rival to Shenstone than as a contemporary of Shelley.

Mr. Strong claims that "the Melodies became hymns and rallying-cries, and it is an irony, not unpleasing, that the cause of Irish Nationalism owes so much to the dapper little poet as to the liberator: maybe more." How far this is true I do not pretend to know. It is a fact that Moore never forgot his patriotism to Ireland. He wrote a life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a book in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and an apologia for Catholicism—though he was not himself a practising Catholic. But he preferred, very comprehensibly, to live among the English aristocracy, and said of his book of songs that it was "not meant to appeal to the passion of angry and ignorant multitudes; it looks much higher for its readers; it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and educated." This passage is required to correct the impression made by Mr. Strong, who is very anxious to defend Moore against the strictures of the modern Irish. The truth seems to be that while he went out of his way to plead his country's cause, he never endangered at all his own popularity in England. From the strictly Nationalist point of view he was neither a villain nor a hero.

A little, gay, bird-like man with a turned-up nose, he was liked by everyone who met him. Jeffrey attacked his *Epistles, Odes and other Poems* for obscenity with inexplicable violence; a duel was arranged, which collapsed in absurdity; and Jeffrey became one of his warmest admirers. Byron also began by attacking him in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and then became his devoted friend, dedicating *The Corsair* to him, "the poet of all circles, and idol of his own." When Byron had to fly from England, Moore's devotion inspired the lines beginning:

> My boat is on the shore
> And my bark is on the sea;
> But before I go, Tom Moore,
> Here's a double health to thee.

It is as a friend that Moore has won his immortality. Mr. Strong seems to think that he was not entirely guiltless in the matter of the destruction of Byron's Journal. But the responsibility was entirely Murray's, and even if Moore had protested more violently, there is no reason to suppose he would have been listened to.

The most interesting passage in Mr. Strong's book is his comparison of three accounts of a dinner-party at which Coleridge, Wordsworth, Rogers, Lamb, Crabb Robinson, and Moore were present. Crabb Robinson and Moore describe Coleridge as having been in his finest vein of talk, Moore says "Coleridge told some tolerable things." His own mediocrity prevented him recognising greatness which was before his eyes. Shelley and Wordsworth seem to have moved him as little as Coleridge, and he was apparently unaware of the existence of Keats.

In his *Life of Byron*, Moore writes:

> However delightful, therefore, may be the spectacle of a man of genius tamed and domesticated in society, taking docilely upon himself the yoke of social ties, and enlightening without disturbing the field in which he moves, we must nevertheless in the midst of our admiration, admit that it is not thus smoothly and amiably immortality has ever been struggled for or won.

I do not think it is fanciful to see in this sentence a confession of regret for his own too tamed and domesticated career. And in his Journal there is this entry: "A wet gloomy day, my spirits of the same hue. Often do I wish I had a good cause to die in." But these regrets and wishes were probably ephemeral. And since he was not a man of genius, the world is unlikely to have lost anything by his docility.

Mr. Strong's book tells us hardly anything new about Moore, but it is straightforward and without any of the vulgarity so usual in modern biography. It appears at a price commonly reserved for the lives of Splendid Sinners. RAYMOND MORTIMER

PROTESTANT MARTYR

William Tyndale. By J. F. MOZLEY. *S.P.C.K.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge publishes from time to time a rather good book; Mrs. Gardiner's delightful *Oxinden and Peyton Letters* last year was a case in point. This new life of Tyndale is only moderately good; true, it is fair-minded, unpretentious, and the author has taken pains with it. But the book labours under two disadvantages. The author is no authority on the Tudor period, and such books ought only to be written by those who know the background of the age thoroughly. Also it is written from a point of view that is distinctly Prot., not to say parsonic in tone. One would have said that only a parson could write the opening sentence, it is in such perfect sermon-style: "It is *full time* that a new life of Tyndale *were* written." Or again: "When I began to study Tyndale for myself two and a half years ago, *I speedily discovered the state of the matter*. Here is a man who has never yet received his due, whose reputation has been at the mercy of ignorance and partizanship: and so I determined to enter the field."

A Daniel come to judgment, evidently! But really, two and a half years are not enough to achieve that mastery of the period necessary to write any Tudor biography. Nor, of course, does one want it written from either a Protestant or a Catholic point of view in these days; we have surely had enough of the stale rehashing of these extinct controversies, each limited to its own silly side, and can afford to pass on beyond all that to a point of view that is at once more intelligent and more historical. That said, it is only fair to add that it is to Mr. Mozley's credit that he has done so well as he has; within its limits, the book offers a reliable and a straightforward account of Tyndale's life. But it is doubtful whether that life is not already sufficiently appreciated for what it was; those who know, know very well what sort of man Tyndale was. I, for one, wasn't aware that his reputation was "at the mercy of ignorance and partisanship."

The drawbacks to this approach are apparent throughout the book. There is a very simple Protestant view of the Reformation in terms of the "corruption" of the Catholic Church, etc.: "Great waves of indignation were beating up, had been beating up for years, which were shortly to sweep away the whole medieval system, destroy the dominance of priest-craft, and flood the church with the pure air of freedom." These are well-worn clichés; but it is probable that the Reformation owed more to the desire of the laity to get hold of the possessions of the vast non-productive interest that was the Church. A very good thing in the end, but from the economic and political point of view rather than (shall we say?) the spiritual. There is an equally simple view of Wolsey, his "upstart origin" (he was in fact the son of a well-to-do bourgeois), his "more than oriental" luxury (whereas it was on the strictly occidental lines of a Renaissance cardinal), his "scandalous" private life, his "unscrupulous

foreign policy, which for years had made England the tool of other states," etc. Really on all this Mr. Mozley should read Professor Pollard.

The treatment of Tyndale is not unsatisfactory; Mr. Mozley sees things from his point of view and there is less disadvantage in that when you are writing a man's biography. But it means that the historical issues are only seen from one side and their complexity not appreciated. Was it such a good thing that the Bible should be translated and circulated in the vernacular without authority? Mr. Mozley seems to think it self-evident: a simple view. For when one considers what rubbish untaught people develop for themselves from such fare even in our own days—Christadelphians, Four-Square Gospellers, Seventh-Day Adventists, Plymouth Brethren and what not—one sees how right the Catholic Church was and how necessary is the principle of authority in dealing with human fools.

Tyndale's controversy with More is one of the great duels in the history of our literature. But Mr. Mozley, with every desire to be fair to the new saint, gets him quite wrong. It was *because* More was the intellect he was, that he saw the dangers of private judgment. You cannot allow private judgment to fools—though More saw men's folly rather with infinite pity than contempt. But he hated the conceit of individualism; with all the humility of the real Catholic he loathed the arrogance of these piddling Reformers setting themselves up against the fifteen-hundred-year old tradition of the Catholic Church. The dogmatism of the Reformers was as bad as that of the Church, and far less justified. Nor is it correct to regard More as a lapsed liberal himself. He never was a liberal. When a young man he longed for the austerity and discipline of the Carthusian order, and for some years before marrying lived according to their rule. More was a much rarer case: like Newman, he combined a sceptical intellect with an inner core of faith. And it is superficial to think of More as browbeating Tyndale with his position and authority. More knew very well what dust and ashes that was; that the fate of the Church in England hung by a thread, that he was fighting a losing cause and the barriers once broken, anarchy would come flooding in. It was that that made him so bitter against the Reformers. He must have felt about them like a social-democrat who sees Fascism destroying the world, and is forced into an uncompromising, an ultramontane Communism. A. L. ROWSE

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

The British Civil Service. By HERMAN FINER. *Fabian Society* and *Allen and Unwin*. 3*s*. 6*d*. and 5*s*.

Principles of Social Administration. By T. S. SIMEY. *Oxford University Press*. 10*s*.

Dr. Finer's book has all the qualities we expect from his writings. It is based on a full knowledge of all the relevant documents, it is sober in temper, and solid in construction. Certainly there is no better introductory survey to its subject. If Dr. Finer tends, upon occasion, to be a little sententious in tone, and to believe that there is a special wisdom inherent in university training, these do not detract from the reader's appreciation of his competence. It is good to see his whole-hearted attack on the interview as a method of appointment to the Service, and his thorough-going, even contemptuous, dismissal of Lord Hewart's charges in *The New Despotism*. There are, I think, more difficult and delicate problems in the Civil Service than those upon which Dr. Finer touches, and I am not sure that the answers he makes are not sometimes more simple than the issues to which they refer. But, in its new form, the utility of this handbook is very real. It ought to reach a wide public.

Mr. Simey's work breaks new ground; and if the results are not wholly satisfactory, that is, I think, partly because he is genuinely pioneering in a very complex field, and partly because he is dealing with a limited aspect of a subject which needs to be seen in the round if its problems are to be fully grasped. He has sought to discover, from the experience of the last hundred years, what principles of administration emerge from the record of the social services, central, local, and voluntary. In a sense, he has not succeeded in this effort, for the simple reason that, in our multiform and complex democracy, there are no coherent purposes informing the structure as a whole. That, however, said, Mr. Simey's book has very real merits. It is agreeably written; it is well informed; and it has the great virtue of drawing attention to problems the significance of which becomes more acute every day. At the back of it all, there lie the two great issues of the relations between expert and amateur, and of the central to the local authority. It is obvious from his survey that Mr. Simey is not very happy at the results of his analysis. He sees how fatally easy it is to over-estimate the significance of the expert; there is often, in his control, a narrow-mindedness, a search for excessive uniformities, an inability to grasp the wider perspectives, that do not compensate for his usually greater efficiency. On the other hand, the amateur in public administration can easily be a grave danger. He is unaware of the due importance of expertise; and he too often tends to assume that his private convictions are unquestionable public principles. So, too, with the contest between local and central control. It still remains true that, as Mill pointed out, no amount of central efficiency will ever compensate for an inferior interest in the result. But it is also true that much local interest is too ill-informed ever, without inspection from without, to be left in undisputed supremacy over an important service. Mr. Simey, if I follow him, would like to see the development of a central inspectorate over most local affairs comparable to that of the Board of Education. He is doubtful (I do not know why) if this is democratic. On the contrary, it seems to me of the essence of democracy to insist that every authority possessing power should be compelled to justify the manner of its exercise to men competent through their knowledge to pronounce upon the performance. But it should be added that this applies not less completely to the work of the central government also. One of the grave weaknesses of modern administration is the degree to which its processes are, I think increasingly, screened from effective public criticism. So long as Mr. Simey's inspector is to report, and not to control, he might well perform a service of high importance.

These are but two or three items from a really suggestive book. I think Mr. Simey's real difficulties in formulating his subject arise from his desire to evade a consideration of its problems from the angle of a definite political philosophy. That is an intelligible temptation. But I believe its result has been to make it hard for Mr. Simey to develop precisely the criteria of value which are essential to the adequate handling of his theme. It was the possession of such criteria that enabled men like Bentham to make the immense contribution they did to this field. Mr. Simey is so

BREWERY
UNIT TRUST

Trustees:
MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO., LTD.

● Brewery Units make it possible for the first time for both small and large investors to acquire a well-spread interest in brewery undertakings.

● Brewery dividends are more consistent over periods of years than those of almost any other industry and rank among the safest shares in the industrial market.

● The fact that Brewery and Distillery Shares are tightly held and in many cases difficult to obtain, makes the facilities offered by the Brewery Unit Trust of real value to the private investor.

● The Brewery Unit Trust has been formed in consonance with the Board of Trade Report on Unit Trusts.

● Price of Brewery Units 17/9d., as at 18/8/37. Estimated yield at this price based on cash dividends alone is 4½%.

● Comprehensive booklet about the Brewery Unit Trust which forms the basis of all transactions, is obtainable from any Bank or Stockbroker, or direct from the Managers.

LONDON MANAGEMENT SECURITIES LTD.
7 ANGEL COURT, THROGMORTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.2
Telephone: Metropolitan 5014-7 *Telegrams: Lomansec Phone London*

full of knowledge and ideas that I wish he had taken the bull by the horns and set out forthrightly the principles upon which he thinks reconstruction is urgent. For, at the end, all his interesting suggestions go back exactly to those questions of ends upon which he refuses to pronounce. H. J. LASKI

THE LABOUR OUTLOOK

The Labour Party in Perspective. By C. R. ATTLEE, M.P. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Post-war History of the British Working Class, 1918–37. By ALLEN HUTT. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

A foreigner who wants to study the British Labour Movement could scarcely do better than begin with these two books. He would learn a great deal merely by contrasting the style, the mood and drive behind them. Both are written by able, well-intentioned Socialists—for Mr. Attlee is, we know, a sincere Socialist who means it when he says that he desires a "classless society," and Mr. Hutt is a Communist, not because he has a personal grudge against society, but from study and conviction. Mr. Attlee, the Parliamentary leader of the Party, is a tolerant, thoughtful politician, no tub-thumper, no spell-binder, no MacDonald, weaving patterns of meaningless palaver, but a serious, commonsense, honest, rather diffident man whom everyone likes and no one fears. There is no sense of urgency in his book. It is rooted in Fabianism, steadfast in its gradualism. Mr. Attlee has the Fabian merit of patience with criticism. He discusses with candour the defects of the Labour Party's constitution and the injustice of the system by which the National Executive is now elected by the block votes of the big Trade Union battalions. He admits the danger that in times of prosperity the Trade Unions may slip into a partnership with the employers to share the profits of the existing order and prove the greatest bulwark of the system they are pledged to change. He omits the surely obvious fact that the leadership of the big Unions has already accepted this position and taken Mr. Attlee and the rest of the political leadership of the Party along with them. Mr. Attlee would certainly like to be much more of a Socialist than he is now allowed to be; it seems difficult to believe, for instance, that he speaks for himself when, in referring to the Labour Party's policy of nationalising the Bank of England, he urges that in view of the French precedent no one need now think the project revolutionary, and that through a nationalised Bank of England it will be possible for Labour to control the Joint Stock Banks. It may be argued that Labour would be unwise to attempt so difficult a task as to nationalise the Big Five—though this was accepted by the annual Conference of the Labour Party. Mr. Keynes was obviously right in observing that it would make no substantial difference to anyone if the Bank of England were nationalised. The lesson to be drawn from the fate of M. Blum's government in France is that ownership of the Central Bank does not free the Government from the financial control of the private banks.

This brings us to the best joke in Mr. Attlee's book—at least, one supposes it is a joke. Mr. Attlee is opposed to the formation of a Popular Front in England. Why? He explains that the fundamental objection to all such proposals in this country is that "a Socialist Party cannot hope to make a success of administering the Capitalist system because it does not believe in it." If the Socialist Party in this country were really Socialist and had the least chance of putting a Socialist policy through, this would be a convincing and indeed an overwhelming reply. The argument for a Popular Front, however, is only an expediency argument—that in view of the urgency of the foreign situation and the need of a common front against international Fascism we may as well have a shot at forming an effective Opposition even though it means that the real Socialists have to shelve their Socialism for a time and be content (as the Labour Party is in any case without any arrangement with other parties) with such measures as nationalising the Bank of England, which need not, as we are all really aware, seriously trouble the investing class at all.

Having read this statement of Mr. Attlee's—and it can be read with pleasure and profit—our foreign inquirer will turn to Allen Hutt's book for the other side of the picture. He will discover why faith has so far gone from the Labour Movement and see why so many people who sincerely respect Mr. Attlee and many of his colleagues fear the direction of their leadership. Mr. Hutt's story is fully documented, and the story carries with it its own comment. Mr. Hutt judiciously keeps in the background; he rubs in his moral only occasionally, and when he does it smarts. It is a tragic story of rank-and-file loyalty to leaders who failed—failed in the period just after the war, when Labour was more revolutionary than ever before in English history, failed in 1924, failed in the General Strike in 1926, and again spectacularly in 1931—or rather in the two years before 1931, since the breakdown was only the inevitable result of the preceding period of MacDonaldism.

In the light of this record of half-hearted leadership and, even more, of leaders constantly outwitted, a record in which something must be put down to cowardice and more to lack of any resolute analysis and clarity of understanding, Mr. Attlee's book looks slight and inadequate. Perhaps it is necessarily inadequate. Nothing can speedily restore lost faith. But the real criticism of the present leadership of the Labour Party is that it seems to ignore, and perhaps desires to forget, the story so vividly recorded in Mr. Hutt's book. And it is only from a clear understanding of that story that Labour has any hope in the future.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Shaw, George versus Bernard. By J. P. HACKETT. *Sheed and Ward.* 6*s.*

How difficult it is to write a good book about Shaw! Too many hares running in too many directions make succinct criticism impossible; fix him as a dramatist, pursue him through politics, economics and biology, and he will still escape into the world of general ideas and Hollywood publicity. Who in 1900 would have foreseen that the red whiskers and bicycle, recognised by Strindberg as a possible successor, would give place to the rosy Father Christmas of to-day, whose voice soothes millions? After Sherlock Holmes and the Duke of Windsor, G. B. S. is now the most popular Englishman. Some of his jokes may have lost their point by repetition, his Communism is rejected by Communists, his Life Force has ceased to be a force even in suburban institutes, but he remains a front-page story. He is, as he always was, a first-rate journalist, and though his news about the cosmos may seem stale, he can still come back with a brilliant snippet like the dialogue on the Abdication which was printed in the *Evening Standard*. Shaw's success, then, is the first disturbing thing which a critic has to face; the mixture of art and publicity is new. It is easy enough to knock holes in his plays, which with a few exceptions date already—Strindberg, despite his craziness, is much less vulnerable—but that does not take one far. A review of Shaw and his influence would have to be a review of social England during the last fifty years, an analysis less of his pamphleteering genius than of the taste of readers who have swallowed him whole. In some things—in his advocacy of Puritanism, for example—he seems to have got nowhere; yet he has shaken the suburbs as no one else has. No doubt his essential Philistinism helped, and many readers could forgive him for being a radical and a wit because when it came to poetry he felt as little as they did. The rather shoddy poetry of his plays—their weakest point—made at least for some of their success; and probably the worst of *St. Joan*, as well as the best of *Man and Superman*, has attracted playgoers. And he has always backed the right horse at the right moment; Butler (a more original writer than Shaw) made an excellent forerunner to point back to; Wagner caught the intelligentsia then and has the gallery to-day; Ibsen gave him, when he was starting in London, just the war cry he needed. One horse failed to come home: Brieux, too dreary for even the most pious Shavian.

Mr. Hackett, in his little book, confines himself to Shaw's ideas, and the paradoxes of his character. George is the earnest vegetarian and Life Forcer, Bernard the dramatist with the jokes and the brass tacks—Ellen Terry's "Bernie." Writing from a Catholic point of view, Mr. Hackett has little difficulty in exposing the contradictions of Shavian belief: who else basing a religion on science has disowned scientists so often? As Mr. Hackett points out, the appearance of the Life Force in a Shaw play is an inevitable signal for anti-climax—"Shaw has to abandon argument and let the characters behave wildly so that under cover of farce he may get back to sanity." It is one thing, however, to show up the half-baked religion of *Back to Methusalah* and another to meet the full force of Shaw's attack on Christianity. So far as the last goes, Mr. Hackett is content to point out a few misquotations and inconsistencies, and leave it at that. *Shaw, George versus Bernard* gives a lucid and rather simplified view of its

For that clean fresh feeling..

use

EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE

Protect your teeth by cleaning them first thing every morning and last thing every night with Euthymol Tooth Paste. Its healthy tang makes the mouth feel beautifully fresh and keeps the breath sweet and wholesome. Strong, clean, healthy teeth are assured by regular visits to the dentist for inspection and by the use of Euthymol. Your chemist sells large tubes for 1s. 3d., or send for a 7-day free trial tube to Dept. 82/107, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

"We want a new reformation . . . It will be neither fundamentalist nor modernist; but it will rest upon mysticism, which is the practice of the Presence of God and upon rationalism, which means confidence in Science."—DEAN INGE.

The Modern Mystic

(AND MONTHLY SCIENCE REVIEW)

MYSTICISM — The Mysticism found in the pages of The Modern Mystic is completely representative. It is high-toned and rational, and contributed by the world's greatest authorities. September issue now on sale.

SCIENCE — History, experimental science, psychology and occasionally geography and economics are essentials of the MODERN MYSTIC'S policy. "Lourdes—What and Why" is a feature of the current issue.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST OCCULT JOURNAL **2/-** PUBLISHED MONTHLY Annual Subscription, 25/-

Of all Newsagents and Branches of W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.

Published by KING, LITTLEWOOD & KING, LTD.
35, Gt. James St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

"I used to be subject to very severe colds"

You too can be free from the misery of "one cold after another." Breathe Vapex from your handkerchief or pillow. It penetrates every recess of nose and throat: clears the head: relieves congestion: kills the germs: stops the trouble at its source.

"I used to be subject to very severe colds, but since using Vapex I have always been able to check them . . ."

Lymington, Hants.

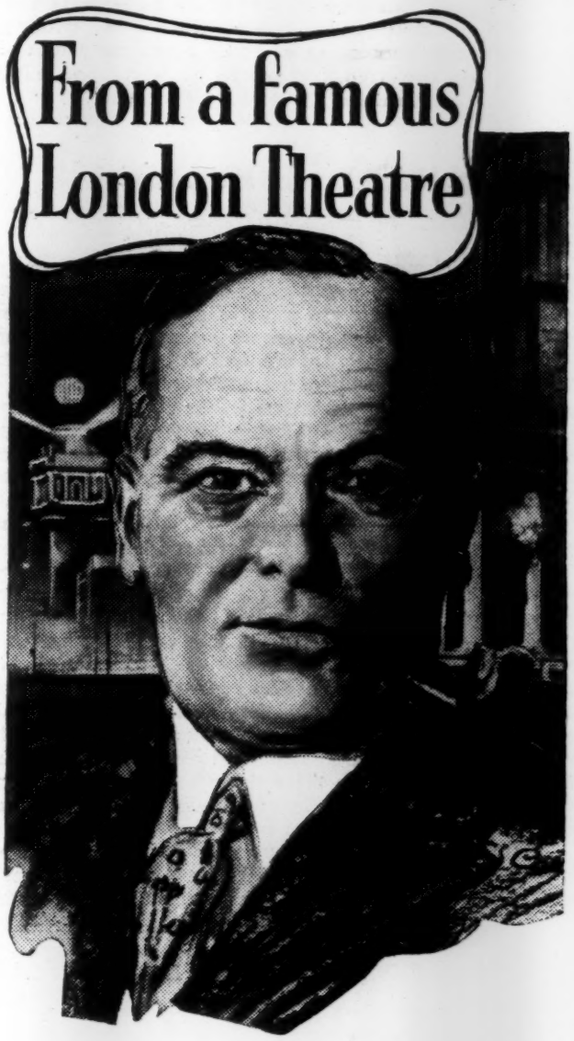
VAPEX

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

V 144

From a famous London Theatre



"I have travelled in all parts of the World in my theatrical career of 46 years, including every town in Britain, Africa, Tasmania, Australasia, New Zealand and through the U.S.A. . . . and what a pleasure Barneys has been after my nightly work abroad, or at home."

To the smokers of Barneys is largely due its World-wide fame. Their friendly word has helped it to attain the biggest sale amongst pipe Tobaccos of its class. This week it is an Actor who writes after 46 years of touring the Empire, and the States, taking Barneys with him during the latter half of his career (Barneys is just approaching the quarter-century mark in age).

This one smoker has taken Barneys into more of the World's cities than any other smoker of our knowledge, and we are more than grateful for his help. Barneys smokers are truly its best salesmen . . . spreading the name and fame of Barneys through all the World.

3 Strengths: — Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*). In "EVERFRESH" Tins: 1/2d. oz.

Barneys

FOR QUICK, EASY PIPE-FILLING, TRY JOHN SINCLAIR'S "READY-FILLS"—(*in handy Cases of 12*)

BARNEYS IDEAL (3 strengths) 1/2
CUT GOLDEN BAR - - 1/-
JOLLY BOAT NAVY CUT 1/-
OLD CASTLE NAVY CUT 1/-
BARNEYS Empire - - 10½d.
also RUBICON MIXTURE in cases of 8 for 6d.

(234) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

subject which may irritate some readers by its habit of over-praising the "dear man" in order to demonstrate how wrong he is. It moves in an atmosphere of debate; one can almost see Mr. Hackett chalking up his points as he scores. With this qualification, it is intelligently and brightly written.

G. W. STONIER

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Richard Jefferies. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Henry Williamson has made a selection from the works of Richard Jefferies with biographical details and appreciative comment. There are over 350 pages of anthology from almost everything Jefferies wrote, newspaper articles, novels, nature studies, etc. These extracts are arranged in chronological order and make an interesting study of his development.

Jefferies' life was tragic—more tragic, for example, even than Keats's. He was the son of a Wiltshire farmer and in his youth known as Loony Dick by his peasant neighbours. Disease, poverty and despair were thirty-eight years killing him, and for the last five years of his life three painful illnesses made even the effort of writing too much for him and his work was dictated. Continual need for money gave him no chance of rest and hastened his end.

His crippled body and soul desperately attempted to resurrect themselves in schemes of life and visions of thought; he tried to overcome pain by living continually in that ecstatic mysticism of the senses which inspires, particularly in adolescence, the purposes of our later life. He never lost touch with this original cause of our ideas because he needed its intense pleasureableness to lift his mind above its many agonies—hence the sense of strain in his work. This need, while it made him more aware of the sensual, visual source of inspiration, also corrupted his thought, for it led him to exaggerate the social effects of contemplating beauty of form and indulging in its spiritual ecstasy. He made a demand upon the thing that he loved that was too great for it to bear. He abstracts from nature only what he desperately needs to keep him alive and cannot attain that tranquil, unperverted contemplativeness of Wordsworth—who admits the need for duty and great moral acts beside the creation and enjoyment of beauty of form.

Mr. Williamson regards Jefferies as an unfulfilled Hitler and believes that Hitler is bringing into the European consciousness Jefferies' insight into life. The connection seems remote. No wonder Mr. Williamson omits to quote the fine tenth chapter of *The Story of My Heart* with its contempt for armies, its hatred of poverty and its superb vision before the head of Augustus Caesar, for this would easily smash the comparison. If Mr. Williamson had a little of Jefferies' intuition of the spiritual significance of shape, he could hardly have compared Hitler's face with Jefferies' without sensing the impossibility of thinking they had anything in common.

Jefferies, as Mr. Williamson points out, has two kinds of readers. One enjoys his quiet, mature nature studies and stories and the other enjoys his ecstatic philosophy. Mr. Williamson himself is a good judge of his powers as a descriptive writer, but the meaning of his philosophy has passed over him. *The Story of My Heart* is a remarkable work, and Jefferies' nature books are unsurpassed of their kind. But he has one serious flaw that prevents him from being a great writer—he cannot describe the emotional relations between individuals. Here he is vague and sentimental; hence his inferiority to Lawrence. He is ignorant of personal morality. Within these limits he is immortal and those who do not know his work may be encouraged by this book to become more fully acquainted with his amazing spirit.

ROBERT WALLER

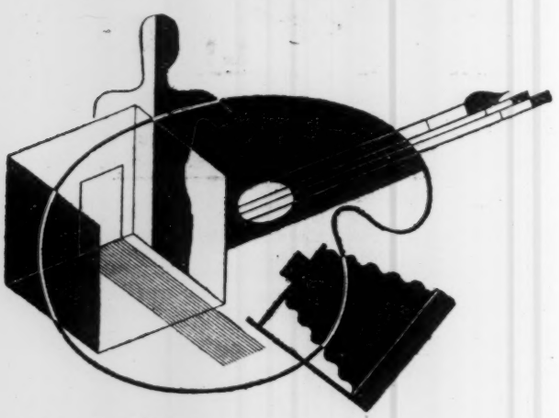
DISRUPTIVE LINK

Evolution Out of Doors. By HENRY J. C. MOLONY. *Hutchinson.* 15s.

Zoology suffered during the apes or angels row from too many definite answers to problems thrown off in the heat of controversy. A considerable amount of revision has been possible, so that at first sight the Darwinian structure appears to have been shot to pieces. But it is really as if the planking from a frame house had proved to be defective and replaced. The heavy timbers are sound enough, but much of what looked like matured oak plank when it was nailed up turns out to have been matchboard. Such was the theory of "Ruptive Colouring." This was the child of an artist called Thayer who, holding that the flamingo was protectively coloured against the pink of the sunset sky, also thought that the brilliant colours of birds, the black bars and manes, white stripes and gleaming white bellies of many defenceless animals were used to break up their outline and conceal them The idea had a good press and a working model illustrating the principle was set up in the Natural History Museum; the visitor turned a spindle and proved to himself that a seagull was as good as invisible—inside a matt-white box. Admirers of the theory were cheered during the war when ships were concealed from submarines by having strips of colour unrelated to their shape painted on them. No belligerent, however, concealed its troops in black and white uniform, while in America a number of "draft dodgers" wore these very colours to make them easy to recognise should they escape.

The objection is an obvious one. Major Molony's Indian trackers didn't look for the outlines of animals. They looked for minute differences of colour against the plain, a black and white speck was a blackbuck to them long before it had an outline. The beasts of prey probably hunt in the same way, unless they learn to recognise their victims from photographs and woodcuts. Examination of the leavings of predatory animals shows that they live on very young animals and old or diseased animals, creatures who have been separated from the herd through inexperience or inability. The mature blackbuck is very black on top and very white underneath, the two most visible colours at night when it is most in danger. When frightened at night the does make for the nearest black shape and run with it. They stampede in a knot so that their white bellies form a continuous band of lightness at the eye level of the young animals. The ruptive colouring is serving to hold the does to the bulls and to keep the young in touch with their kind. It is interesting to see that the young males are the same colour as the does long after they are mature, so that in a night panic does will not find themselves with an inexperienced buck. The does are tawny backed so that when they are immobilised, lying down to give suck, their white vanishes and they become almost invisible. Thus at the only time when they hide they conceal the "disruptive" colouring. These creatures could not mark themselves out more conspicuously if they wore cricket blazers, but they were assumed to be breaking up their

'DESIGN FOR MAKING A LIVING'



REIMANN SCHOOL LONDON

PRINCIPAL: AUSTIN COOPER

offers you an opportunity to put your creative ability to practical use as a career through a specialised training under internationally famous experts in :—

DISPLAY & EXHIBITION

COMMERCIAL ART

FASHION & DRESSMAKING

PHOTOGRAPHY

Write for illustrated Prospectus G 12 to
Reimann School, 4-10 Regency Street, London, S.W.1

outlines, because it did not seem possible to fit them into the Darwinian scheme otherwise. This book shows how neatly they do fit and what their coloration is for.

The author writes well on this subject and interestingly about sex differences. His chapter on the formation of a bird species is worth reading and his remarks on the peacock's tail suggest that the idea of Hypertely might be discarded without loss. The book is set up in a pleasant readable type, there are a great many good photographs by John and Cherry Kearton and an essay on some of the chemical factors in evolution by J. R. de la H. Marett that does much to make one forgive the maddening lack of an index.

ANTHONY WEST

TWO PLAYS

Pains and Penalties. A Play in Four Acts. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. *Cape.* New Play Series. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mesmer. A Play in Three Acts. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Cape.* New Play Series. 5*s.*

Now that we are permitted to peep through the keyhole at Queen Victoria, may we not see Mr. Housman's better play about Victoria's less fortunate Aunt Caroline? It must have been the feminist in him, the lecturer to the Women's Freedom League, which impelled him in 1910 to depict the tragedy of the lonely German woman, watched and betrayed on all sides, fighting the Bill of Pains and Penalties by which George IV sought to discard his wife like any wanton, and destroy her claim to honour and her rightful queenship. Produced privately with success in 1911, the play has since been banned for the mention of the word "adultery" in connection with George IV, and the remark concerning the sons of George III: "Heirs apparent of the last generation have seldom proved a conspicuous success." Mr. Housman transferred that line to "Victoria Regina" and it is to be heard in the present production.

The scene of the trial in the House of Lords is vivid even in the text: the bombardment of Brougham's florid but powerful rhetoric against the casuistries of the King's Counsel, and the Lord Chancellor who directs evidence in a manner partial to the King; the sensation caused by Brougham's imputation of the King's sinister influence on the trial; the noise of the mob outside cheering Caroline, while the lights shine down on the red cloaks in the secluded room, and the dry question and answer go on in an atmosphere of energetic calm. But, vindicated by the trial, Caroline finds that she can be crowned only by the King's prerogative, and the play ends with a satirical contrast of the King and Queen on Coronation Day: he, tipsy and staggering beneath the weight of his robes, she, broken and near to death after the repulse of her heroic, pitiful attempt to enter the Abbey as Queen, jeered by the crowd which to-day is all for the King. Housman is at his deftest and most dramatically effective in this study of a tragic woman, and the references to royal marriage and coronation are topical in their parallelism.

Mesmer deals romantically with the efforts of the discoverer of mesmerism to gain recognition. Mr. Nichols justifies the rapid and simultaneous cure of the cripples in the second scene on the ground that it is "ballet." But the naturalistic treatment of the rest of the scene suggests that it would fall between the stools of contrasting techniques. The description of the cure of the paralysed beggar is very reminiscent of a similar episode in *The Miracle*. Mozart pops in and out, an insignificant figure playing the piano and second fiddle to Mesmer. Produced with soft lighting, pretty costumes and tinsel laughter, this trifle may be persuaded to melt in the mouth, but the fate of such buttery sweets is to be forgotten.

HENRY ADLER

LANDSCAPES

The Cotswolds. By JOHN MOORE. *Chapman and Hall.* 5*s.*

Companion into Dorset. By DOROTHY GARDINER. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

These two volumes are excellent examples of the personal, and the impersonal, method of depicting the countryside. Mr. John Moore assumes forthwith that his readers want to make his acquaintance. He is quite right; after a page or two they do, and when they have got into step with him they are glad of his company, and part from him regretfully at the end. As he says, he wisely did not set out solely to observe the Cotswold landscape: he went to walk something off, whatever it may have been—"Too much London, debts, too many cocktails, a love affair that wouldn't go right, a novel that wouldn't sell, the growing conviction that in a few years I should probably be blown to bits for some cause in which I did not believe." More wisely still, he walked in January, when the pomps of summer do not distract the eye from the form and character of the country; and his descriptive writing has all the terse authority of an etching. He started from Cirencester, and thence to the enchanting Bibury, where boyhood encounters with what must be the laziest trout in all England come pleasantly back into his mind. Fairford, Burford, and the lovely hidden valley of the Windrush, diversified with cheerful meetings by the wayside, bring him to the more showy villages—Bourton-on-the-Water and Broadway. On the too impeccable Broadway the author is perhaps a little hard; the trouble about the place is not so much that it is mercenary, but that it is dead; a horrid example of the perils of preservation; what was intended as rejuvenescence has proved to be an embalming process, and the sensitive visitor slinks away with the feeling of having intruded into a death chamber. And surely the author is unduly impatient with the modest and charming Painswick. Mr. Moore has written a lively and attractive book, with the rare fault of being too short; and he has enough learning to be able to cast pleasantly back into the past for an instance or a legend.

Mrs. Gardiner is perhaps rather too austerely impersonal, and gives her readers little chance of getting to know her, which they would in fact like to do. She is content to describe the aspect and the history of the countryside of Dorset, without much mention of her travels. Dorsetshire scenery is indeed rather more forthcoming than that of the Cotswolds, and needs a less interpretative pen. Dorset is rich in beauty and in history, and the author has managed to pack a surprising amount of information into 300 pages, and to write a very readable book as well. Among its many pleasant features are a number of quotations from William Barnes, a fine lyric poet who still enjoys little more than a local reputation. Mrs. Gardiner has unearthed some old worthies whose dealings make very good reading; the machinations of one Dr. Tregonwell, at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, bear the authentic stamp of the cunning and tenacity that made Old England what it was. There is a generous tribute to the late F. H. Darton, whose *Marches of Wessex* is gradually growing into a classic, and many admirable photographs.

ERIC SUTTON

THE BEST LIBRARY

"OPEN ACCESS"

The Library of THE TIMES BOOK CLUB supplies the best books of the day with the minimum of trouble.

The system of "open access" to the shelves in the Exchange Room enables subscribers to choose their own books.

Special terms will be quoted to CLUBS and BUSINESS HOUSES for the supply of library books, either on the Guaranteed or Ordinary subscription.

Delivery in London daily by our motors.

Write for terms of Subscription

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

and Circulating Library

42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1

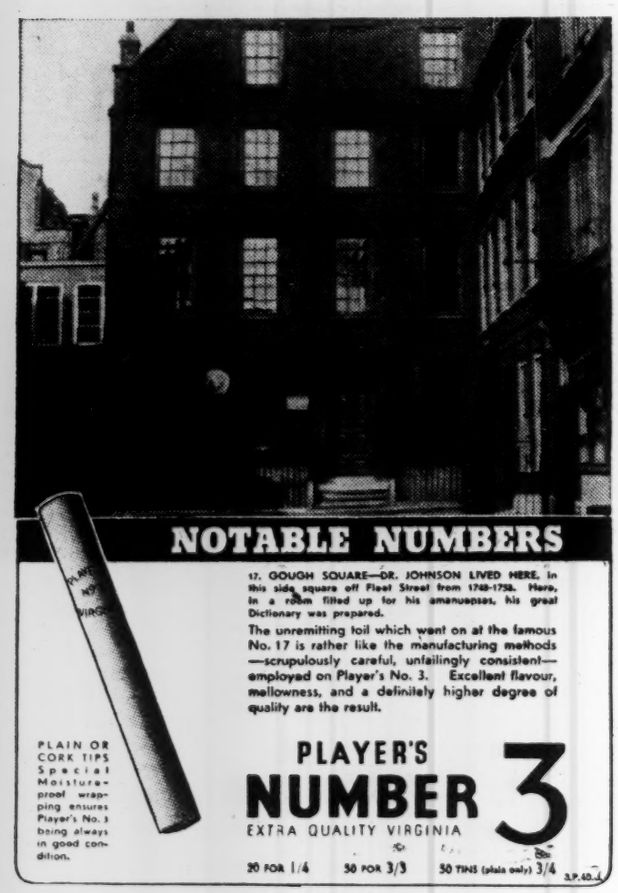
SHORTER NOTICES

Hume's Theory of Knowledge: A Critical Examination. By CONSTANCE MAUND. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

This is an acute and careful restatement of Hume's thought, Mrs. Maund's study of that philosopher having made clear to her that he covered a good deal more ground than he actually mastered. It is, indeed, questionable whether any philosopher can be adequately interpreted by a consideration of his works. There is no confusion between psychology and epistemology in attempting to show the background against which a philosopher was thinking, and the picture of the universe that was in his mind. He is not solely a thinking machine. As Mrs. Maund rightly says, Hume "was anxious to emphasise the similarity between true philosophy and common sense," and some of the want of particularity in Hume's thinking, so carefully analysed by the author, is due to just that refusal to go beyond the confines of plain mental experience. Indeed, this point is rightly brought out in the consideration of the apparently unphilosophic terms "possible," "impossible," "implies a contradiction," etc., on p. 262. And behind Hume's affirmations are always denials, and it is just these unuttered attacks that lend such point and temper to his writing. When he says "an idea assented to feels different," an analysis that does not contrast his attitude with the cosmology of his time, neglects a powerful aid to the understanding of his thought. However, this is a sound and sensible statement of Hume's position, but it is a book entirely for specialists.

The Country Life Cookery Book. By AMBROSE HEATH. With Wood Engravings by ERIC RAVILIOUS. *Country Life.* 7s. 6d.

This cookery book, expertly written and prettily illustrated, is meant for those who have a kitchen garden as well as a kitchen. Under each month there is a list of vegetables which should be sown, followed by recipes of thirty or so seasonable dishes. The fare is by no means "plain English"; in fact, Mr. Ambrose Heath begins where the average English cook would leave off. Dismayed, apparently, from time to time by the expensiveness of some of his favourite recipes, he suggests a cheaper substitute. He is not very consistent, though. How many cooks, in even the best country houses, would have a bottle of Calvados handy for *Tripes à la mode de Caen?* At other times he seems to compromise miserably over the English making of a well-known dish. His Bouillabaisse is given as "a strictly English version"; well it may be, for instead of saffron he recommends curry powder. This is, however, a book which all country-house hostesses (for whom it is primarily written) may safely put into the hands of their cooks; and which others may pick from with delight.


NOTABLE NUMBERS
17, GOUGH SQUARE—DR. JOHNSON LIVED HERE. In this side square off Fleet Street from 1748-1758. Here, in a room fitted up for his amanuenses, his great Dictionary was prepared.
The unremitting toil which went on at the famous No. 17 is rather like the manufacturing methods—scrupulously careful, unfailingly consistent—employed on Player's No. 3. Excellent flavour, mellowness, and a definitely higher degree of quality are the result.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS Special Moisture-proof wrapping ensures Player's No. 3 being always in good condition.
PLAYER'S
NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA
20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4

Week-end Competitions

No. 388

Set by G. W. Stonier

Everyone has his blind-spots in literature. Perhaps you detest Flaubert, Shelley or Goethe. Usual prizes for the best entries (not more than 250 words) indicating your loathing of some great master—not necessarily one of the above—and giving your reasons.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 27th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of the last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 386

Set by Raymond Mortimer

We offer the usual prizes for a poem not exceeding 24 lines on the subject of the present destruction of beauty in town and country. Competitors should model their verses on Blake's "Auguries of Innocence":

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage . . . etc.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

But oh! if Blake were living still
What deeper rage his heart should fill—
Seeing where Beauty blinded lies—
With those who have put out her eyes . . .

William Bliss with these lines nicely defines the mood required from entrants to this competition. Unfortunately, he has not written his wrath in a Blake style, and is thus disqualified. Very few entries succeeded in catching the unexpectedness which makes *Auguries of Innocence* so extraordinary a poem:

He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night
The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.

B. 4 in his opening couplet promises well:

Each roadhog in New Model Ten
Provokes inveterate Origen.

But afterwards he collapses. Helen has several very Blakeish couplets:

The men who doomed Adelphi Terrace
May ghosts of John and Robert harass . . .
And when the ribbon-builder dies
Tape-worms shall eat out his eyes.

And here is R. D. C., also good:

He who chokes a pleasant stream
Shall evermore of hangmen dream . . .
The Devil once was heard to say,
The Countryside was made for Play.

R. S. Jaffray attacks one of the deadliest forms of devastation:

Chain-shops in an old-world square
Make the angels tear their hair.

(I never see the lettering on a Woolworth's without calling curses on the head of the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow.)

Mrs. R. E. O. Wolfe begins with a quotation:

"He who Doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er Believe, do what you please"
But Selfridge's at the Coronation
Made you doubt of all Creation.

C. M. B. achieves a frightful fate for one type of vandal:

Who roots up bluebells in his glee
Shall never please the B.B.C.

R. T. Stephenson rings the bell twice:

Developments in ribbons planned
Weave a rope of burning sand . . .
He who his father's trees will sell,
Has bought a secret key to Hell.

Frank Adams has several good lines:

The False Beam and the Brewer's Tile
Do the Rising Sun Defile . . .
The Building ordered by the State
Loosens the Hinge on Hades' Gate.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Thurs.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., Fri.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. They Came By Night. Wed., Thur.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

PHOENIX. Judgment Day. Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

ST. JAMES'S. Old Music. Wed., Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. Gertie Maude. Tues., Fri.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Tues., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thurs., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., Th.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 320 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
8.30. Mats., WED. and THURS., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcial Comedy by IAN HAY.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161. (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Over 280 Perfs. Whi. 2578.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2 (Tem. 8243).
Thurs. next 8.15 (Subs. 8.30). 1st Mat., Wed. Sept. 1, 2.30
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in
J. B. Priestley's New Play
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
"A. A. MILNE'S SPARKLING COMEDY."
SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, AGNES LAUCHLAN.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. 8.30. Weds., Thurs., 2.30.
OWEN NARES in
"THEY CAME BY NIGHT"
URSULA JEANS. DAVID BURNS. CEES LASEUR.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LYRIC. (Gerrard 3686.)
Evgs. 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

PHOENIX, Charing Cross Road. (TEM. 8611.)
Evenings prompt, 8.30 Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
ELMER RICE'S JUDGMENT DAY
Prices, 1s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 6s., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.

PLAYHOUSE. Over 560 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Mon., Fri., 2.30. Tem. 8888.
THE AMAZING
DR. CLITTERHOUSE

ST. JAMES'S. Whi. 3903.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
OLD MUSIC
A New Play by KEITH WINTER.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. Bar 1443.)
Evenings 8.30, Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
GERTIE MAUDE.
A new play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN.

STRAND. Tem.2660. Evgs.,8.30. Mats.,Tu.,Th.,2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
"A SPOT OF BOTHER"
A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking.)
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & THURS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

REPERTORY THEATRE

HULL. **Little.**
Evgs. 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
Wise Tomorrow.
By Stephen Powys.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
MOLLY PICON in
"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (U.)
and Russian Drama
"WE FROM KRONSTADT" (A.)

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 23rd August, for THREE DAYS.
CONRAD VEIDT in
PASSING OF THE 3rd FLOOR BACK (A.)
THURSDAY, 26th August, for FOUR DAYS
NORA PILBEAM in TUDOR ROSE (U.)

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS
NIGHTLY at 8.
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
2s. to 7s. 6d. Season (Promenade) 37s. 6d., 21s., at
B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE (Wel. 4468).
CHAPPELL'S, QUEEN'S HALL (Lan. 2823).

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner, or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND MANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807.)

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

PUBLISHER has opening for songs and instrumental music. Also Poems, Essays, Novels. Send MSS. or call LASSALLE LIMITED, Dept. D.7, 47 Old Compton Street, London, W.1. Gerrard 5397.

PERSONAL

ENGINEER, scientist, schoolmaster, youngish, taking luxurious house, housekeeper, Birmingham, invite another. Co-operative digs. First write Bennitt, 10 Strensham Hill, B'ham 13.

YOUNG man seeks backer for two years' Drama Scholarship. Superlative reference given. Box 947, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AUSTRIAN or Scandinavian girl with some occupation wanted to share English girl's London flat for exchange languages. Easy access West End or City. C.h.w. Telephone. Domestic help kept. 30s. p.w. Box 942, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

QUIET gent wanted to share office, central, moderate. Box 950, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

GERMAN for research workers, readers of poetry, beginners. Write DR. WALDE, 43 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

DR. ADELA WHARTON and Mrs. Wharton take children and babies alone, or with Nannie, at Buckhurst, Withyham, Sussex. Ideal position. Private woods, stream, large playroom. Own milk. Educational facilities.

NUDIST CLUB, Central London, both sexes. Artificial sun. Also woodland Sun-Park. Box 731, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WHEN you want a portrait in the contemporary photographic tradition, ring ANTHONY PANTING, Welbeck 4950, at 5 Paddington Street, W.1.

NUDISTS! We can put you in touch with nudists all over the British Isles, and we hold gatherings at West London gymnasium, Wednesdays and Fridays, from September 10th. Write, enclosing stamped envelope, Secretary, NATIONAL SUN AND AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS

INFERIORITY COMPLEX? Write for remarkable free book—British Institute of Practical Psychology, 1 (H.X.7), Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

SOUTH AFRICAN fresh-cut wonder flowers known as Chincherinchees. Delivered free any address United Kingdom during October–November next. Price 7s. 6d. for 100 stems. Will bloom for approximately two months after arrival. Write for details to GLASER & SHAGAM, Box 292, Capetown.

ART of RECORD BUYING. Twelve recordings of one sonata but only one best. You'll find it in this free guide to 1,000 classical records. Write to E.M.G. Hand-made Gramophones Ltd., 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing 2d. in stamps.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

STOP SMOKING—quick, cheap, lasting as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write, CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251, Birmingham.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel. Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc.
Authors' MSS, Plays, Schedules, etc.
All work guaranteed proof read and checked.
PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED.
7 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1 (Mayfair 3163–4).

LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST, LTD., 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel.: REGENT 5983.

APPLICATIONS are INVITED by the MORTGAGE (LOAN and SECURITIES) COMPANY, 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, to arrange prompt advances on Reversions or Life Interest. Not exceeding 4½ per cent net interest.

CASH Loans from £30 promptly advanced without security. Write, 'phone or call ALBEMARLE INVESTMENTS, LTD., 45 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1 Regent 6078.

PRINTERS

BOOKPLATES, Fine Editions, etc., designed and hand printed. Letterpress and plate printing. Visitors invited to view drawings and prints at PEAR TREE PRESS, Flansham, Bognor Regis.

BUMPUS

A satisfying array of Maps for walking or motoring in the British Isles or abroad, a useful collection of Guide Books, and innumerable good books in cheap and handy editions for the traveller.

J. & E. BUMPUS, LTD., BOOKSELLERS to HIS MAJESTY THE KING

477 OXFORD STREET, W.1

CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

Details of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 295 of this issue

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months ,, ,,	15s. 0d.
Three ,, ,,	7s. 6d.

"THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION"
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Ruth Glazebrook has written a " Lament for Brighton " inspired by a just love for Regency architecture, and ending :

Besides, if Beauty were their goal
They would pull down the Metropole.

E. G. Prudhoe's poem has a curious quality, but does not quite meet the case. I have never judged a competition in which it was so easy to select the winners, and I recommend with none of the usual hesitation, " Pibwob " for First Prize, and " Little Billee " for Second. (" Pibwob's " epithet " hoarse " seems to me so authentic, that I wonder whether it is not actually taken from Blake.)

FIRST PRIZE

Blocks and lozenges of steel
Build Bedlams for the commonweal.
Barrack flats which greed erects
Are planned by Tophet's architects.
The sky-signs' glaring tumult bars
Advent of beatific stars.
Roads that cleave a hamlet's peace
Lead straight to Pluto's hoarse abyss.
On grid's bestraddling pylon shelves
Harpies roost and preen themselves.
Bungalows that oust green lanes
Are built and tenanted by Cains ;
And those that quench a glowing wood
Lodge Judas' arrant brotherhood.
A hoarding in a cowslip meadow
Casts a vampire's leprous shadow.
Every shred of litter left
The worm enweaves for warp and weft.
Who pluck wild flowers, stem and roots,
Are body-snatchers' best recruits.
No hand defiled by bluebell slaughter
Can be cleansed by holy water.
Din that silences a bird
In Pandemonium is heard.

" PIBWOB "

SECOND PRIZE

A brick box on a Cotswold hill
Makes the Devil laugh his fill.
Petrol pumps in Cheddar Gorge—
That's where the dragon slays St. George.
Hoardings in a staring line
Make the sun ashamed to shine.
Asbestos tiles and iron strips
Affright the full moon to eclipse.
They who our streams defile and stain
Can never cleanse their souls again.
Who clears the last oak from the dell
Shall find no spot of shade in Hell.
Who strips a wood of flowers shall be
Blind throughout all eternity.*
Who litters up a lovely place
Does but befoul his mother's face.
Smoke, dirt, sweat, grime, slag, reek, grit, slime,
Are Beauty's bridesmaids in our time.
Towns without fields, fields without corn,
Where can a poet now be born ?
" This England " see, my lords and ladies,
This other Sodom, demi-Hades.

" LITTLE BILLEE "

*And yet you do preserve—the pheasant,
Oh Englishmen, *so* green and pleasant !

A clear head for hard work.

Vitality for new enterprise.

The will to come out on top in the struggle for life to-day. That is the reward you get for keeping that overworked system of yours in proper order . . . .

Life to-day calls for ENO'S !

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' COSTS ONLY 1/6
OR (DOUBLE QUANTITY) 2/6

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 242.—THE INTER-HOUSE CUP

" I'm sending you," writes Young Eggery, my nephew, " the Inter-House Cup (Soccer) League Table. Each of the seven houses played each of the others once. Two points are given for a win, one for a draw. *Goal percentage* may be new to you. I've worked it out myself. It expresses the number of goals scored by each team as a percentage of the total number of goals scored in the matches which that team plays :

Position.	House.	Points.	Goal Percentage.
1	Billiken's	12	61.82
2	Flatfoot's	10	70.45
3	Tuppeny's	8	55.26
4	Cobbley's	6	51.52
5	Snagge's	4	36.67
6	Uncle's	2	22.22
7	Bolmondely's	0	24.00

" The goal percentage is worked out to 2 places of decimals, taking, each time, the *nearest* second place.

" Two facts which will interest you, perhaps, are that no team scored more than 6 goals in a match, and that no two matches produced the same result."

What was the score in the match between Cobbley's and Snagge's ?

PROBLEM 240. PINPRICKS

Solution by A. C. Young

The answer is 25 for Todger against 155 or 156 for Toots.

If there are n players Todger's scores form a series of $n - 1$ terms, which runs as follows :—

$$0$$
$$(n - 1)$$
$$(n - 1) + (n - 2)$$
$$(n - 1) + (n - 2) + (n - 3)$$

The sum of this series is found to be :—

$$\frac{n(n - 1)(n - 2)}{3}$$

and this must equal

$$4n(n - 1)$$

Hence $n = 14$

Todger's score against Toots is, therefore, 25. The " stipulated number of points " could have been 180 or 181 and Toots could have scored either 155 or 156.

PROBLEM 239.—THE BOWLING MATCH

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : Anthony Watson, South Heath, Great Missenden, Bucks.

Seven points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

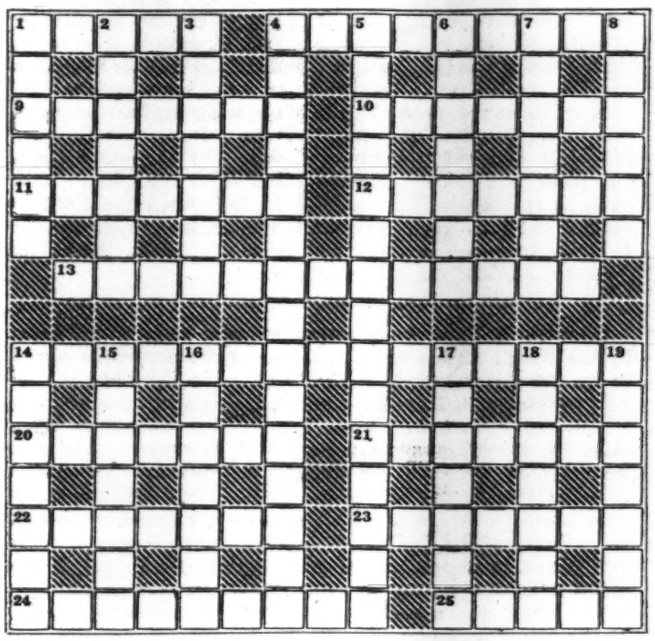
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 389

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

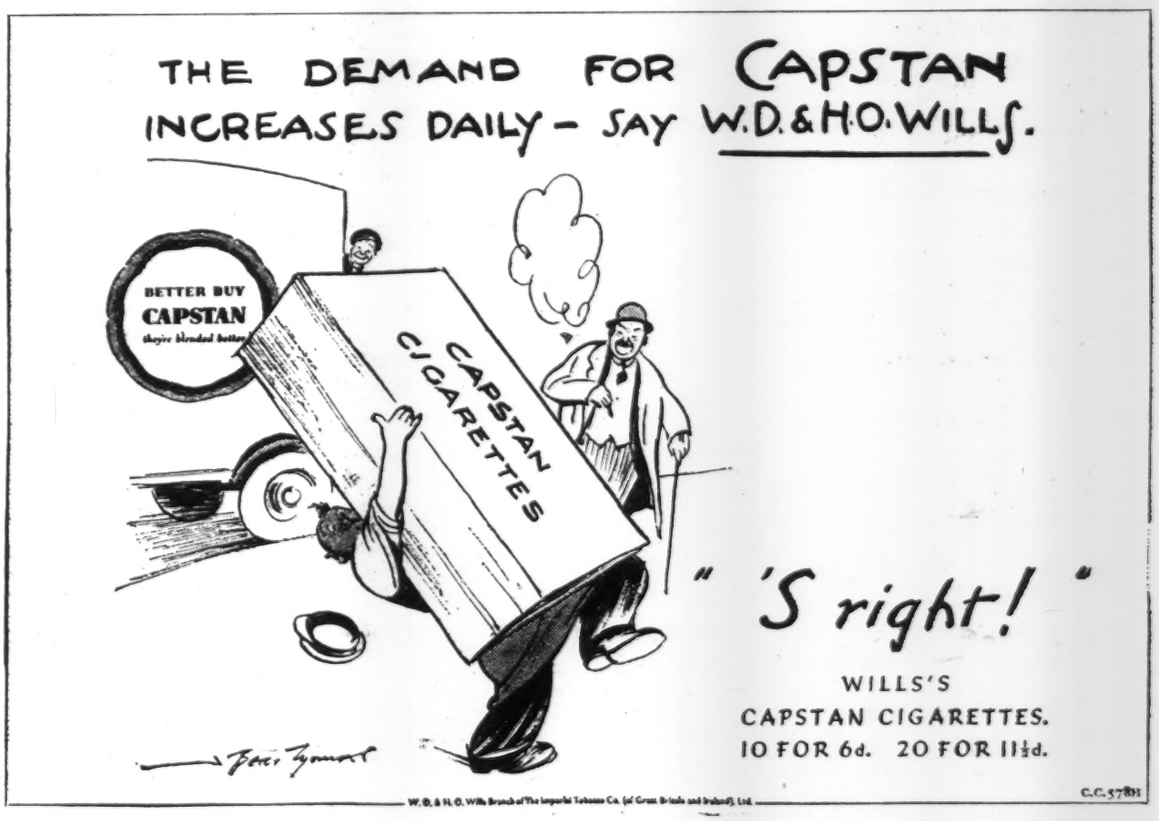
The last week's winner is
F. A. Jennens, 128 Durham Road, Sunderland.

DOWN

1. Only surviving wife of an unshaven oriental. (6)
2. Disorderly chaunts. (7)
3. Though gloomy, it can be praised. (7)
4. Does he encourage people to have parties? (15)
5. Bury the confederate after the race. (15)
6. Goes round the head support. (7)
7. An introvert could hardly put one out of countenance so. (7)
8. He comes out of the stream. (6)
14. They help the cook to make pounds. (7)
15. You might twist your arm, love. (7)
16. They not invariably run East. (7)
17. Order to the players to retire? (7)
18. Linked up for conviction perhaps. (7)
19. They go on the outside edge on the Border. (7)

ACROSS

1. Electrically amalgamated. (5)
4. A gem of a mountain. (9)
9. Mullion's cross. (7)
10. Would a cat suit him? (7)
11. Not a Man of State. (7)
12. Freedom begins with this. (7)
13. Do they take sides on the drink question?—against cocktails? (13)
14. A badly matched couple, as it were. (15)
20. Sign of someone being sick as a rule. (7)
21. Season of activity among flighty builders. (7)
22. This little puss is no kitten. (7)
23. He brings coal back with nothing on. (7)
24. Sea weed killer, applied no doubt with a syringe. (9)
25. They blow for safety, giving warning. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	E	N	N	Y	S	T	A	M	P	■	A	B	L	E
A	■	U	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	R	■	U	■	A
R	E	M	A	R	K	S	■	N	E	E	D	L	E	S
T	■	B	■	K	■	K	■	E	■	P	■	L	■	T
Y	S	E	R	■	■	S	P	Y	H	O	L	E	S	■
F	■	R	■	S	■	■	B	■	R	■	T	■	A	■
U	P	S	E	T	■	F	L	A	U	T	I	S	T	S
N	■	■	■	R	■	R	■	C	■	E	■	■	■	C
D	I	P	L	O	M	A	T	S	■	R	O	D	E	O
S	■	R	■	M	■	N	■	■	S	■	R	■	T	■
■	S	E	T	B	A	C	K	S	■	■	T	I	E	R
S	■	T	■	O	■	E	■	I	■	F	■	F	■	A
P	E	E	B	L	E	S	■	D	R	A	S	T	I	C
I	■	N	■	I	■	C	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	E
T	I	D	E	■	H	A	R	D	C	O	U	R	T	S